

MAY 25, 1923

No. 921

7 Cents

FAME

• AND •

FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

BURIED GOLD

OR THE TREASURE of THE OLD BUCCANEERS

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



The
locomotiv
a meteor.

"hole wiz heem!" cried Captain Barbier. He and his mate gave the boy a swing and flung
him violently into the excavation. 'Dees will teach heem to not
monkey wiz what do not belong to heem

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Are You A "RADIO BUG?" Read Pages 24 and 25

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, MAY 25, 1923

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BURIED GOLD

OR, THE TREASURE OF THE OLD BUCCANEERS

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Jack and the Strange Sailor.

"Hi, there! Get off that track! There's a train coming. Didn't you hear the whistle?"

Thus shouted Jack Harding, a stalwart lad of eighteen years, at a man ahead of him, whose rolling gait, coupled with his cap and rough pea-jacket, closely buttoned about him, proclaimed him a sailor. The stranger had started to cross a long culvert spanning a gully, through the big arch of which a mountain torrent rushed foaming over the rocks toward the bay where, on its semi-circular shore, stood a small seaport by the name of Bartown. The whistle of the locomotive, as the down train, an express which did not stop at the village station half a mile below, passed a crossing a short distance beyond the curve, had just been borne to the boy's ears on the evening breeze. He was on his way home from the cannery house, where he put in long hours every day but Sunday, and had noticed the man swaying along the track ahead of him.

The man either didn't hear the boy's hail, or didn't understand it. At any rate he paid no attention to it.

"The fool will be killed," cried Jack, starting forward on the run. "It's the Boston express, and will be here in half a minute. I must try and save him. Confound his stupidity! Can't he hear the rumble of the train? He must be half drunk. No man in his right senses would—"

The locomotive swung around the curve and rushed down on the sailor. It was clear the fellow saw it coming, for he stopped and looked directly at it. The engineer saw him and let off the whistle of down brakes, throwing over the reverse lever; but the momentum of a fifty-mile gait and a heavy train behind, there wasn't a chance of stopping before every car had passed over the victim, and the engineer knew it. He saw the boy running forward to save the man, but it looked like a forlorn chance. The locomotive shot upon the culvert as Jack seized the sailor by the arm, and with a mighty jerk pulled the fellow toward him.

The two went rolling upon the up track as the locomotive and train swept by with the speed of a meteor. The train passed in two or three sec-

onds and the danger was over. Then Jack got up and started to help the sailor on his feet. The man was dazed by his narrow escape, and he stared with glassy eyes at the boy, his limbs refusing to respond.

"Sonny, you've saved my life," said the sailor, beginning to exert himself.

"You're welcome if I have. Where are you going? There are only two or three houses out this way, and I live in one of them."

"Where am I going, sonny?" said the seafaring man, starting forward with one of his weather-beaten, tarry-looking hands gripping the boy's arm. "Where I hope I'll find a welcome. To the cottage of my old shipmate, Bill Blunt."

"Bill Blunt!" cried Jack, in surprise. "Why, that's where I live."

"You do, my hearty? Tip us your flipper. I'm right glad to hear it. What's your name?"

"Jack Hardy."

"That's a name that sounds shipshape and regular. Are you a relative of Bill's?"

"No. I'm staying with Blunt just to keep him company."

That wasn't the true reason why Jack was hanging out at the cottage. The real reason was little Ruby Rand, whom Blunt claimed as his niece. She was a charming young creature of fifteen, and she didn't look at all like an off-shoot of the Blunt stock. Bill was a retired shellback who had sailed the seas from early youth till rheumatism compelled him to quit on the shady side of fifty.

Opinion was divided as to whether Ruby was really his niece, but the fact remained that he brought her with him when he came to the neighborhood and took up his abode in the cottage, which he rented, and she herself never denied the relationship when asked about it. When Jack, who was an orphan, stopped at the cottage a year since, on his tramp to Bartown, he was invited by Blunt to stay to supper, and then to stay all night.

"Stayin' with Bill to keep him company, eh?" grinned the stranger.

"Yes. So you're an old friend of his?"

"That's what I am, sonny."

"What's your name?"

"Thomas Tucker."

"And you expect to spend a few days with him?"

"Maybe more'n a few if he's willin' to have me sling my hammock in the cottage."

"I dare say he'll find room for you if you can pay your way."

"My bag is aboard the schooner Mary Ann, which fetched me here from Boston. I wanted to find out how the wind blew with Bill before I brought my dunnage."

"How did you find out he was living in this neighborhood? He's only been here about a year and a half."

"I met a chap in Boston who told me I'd find Bill livin' in a small cottage just beyond the railroad viaduct on the outskirts of Bartown, so I worked my way over on the schooner, and here I am."

"Your breath smells pretty strong of liquor. I guess you took a drop too much before leaving the village."

"I'll allow that I spliced the mainbrace more'n I'd ought to, but the other foremast hand, and the mate of the schooner, are good fellows, and I wanted to treat 'em right. You've found Bill a pretty good drinker himself, haven't you?"

"Yes, he can drink all right. All sailors do, I guess."

"Bill always could hold his end up. Is that his cottage yonder?"

"Yes. It's the first house east of the viaduct."

"I'm told Bill has a little gal livin' with him."

"Such is the case. His niece he calls her."

"Do you know why he came to anchor in these parts?"

"No. He never told me why he came to this place. I dare say he took a fancy to the neighborhood."

"He quit goin' to sea on account of the rheumatics I was told, but I hear he's better than he was."

"He's much better, but has to use a stick yet when he goes to the village, or the cliffs."

"What does he go to the cliffs for?"

"To look at the ocean, I suppose."

"Meanin' he's anxious to get afloat again, eh?"

"He might be anxious to, but he isn't fit to go, and he knows it."

"A feller has got to be kind of spry to do his duty afore the mast. I'm sorry to know Bill is laid up. But as long as he's gettin' better maybe he'll come around all right bimeby. I dunno as there's any hurry after all."

"About what?"

"Nothin'. I was just thinkin'. Here we are at the gate. What a fine lot of posies are growin' in this here garden. That little gal must spend a lot of her time over 'em."

"You mean Ruby? She does."

"So her name is Ruby?" said the sailor, as he followed Jack through the gate."

"Yes. Ruby Rand. She's as pretty as a picture, and as sweet as she's pretty."

Turning the corner they came upon Bill Blunt, smoking his pipe, for he'd had his supper, and stood gazing off through the dusk toward the distant harbor of Bartown, which was in plain sight from the house

"Good evening, Bill," said Jack; "here's an old friend of yours come to see you."

"Eh?" ejaculated Blunt, turning half around.

"Tip us your flipper, Bill, you old barnacle. It's me, your old shipmate, Tom Tucker, whom you saw last in the hands of the undertaker at Belize. You didn't expect to see me any more on top of this subloony sphere, did you, Bill? Well, here I am as lively as a cricket, and good for several years yet. I'll bet you're so glad you'll have the fatted calf killed for my special entertainment," and the speaker chuckled as if in the highest state of enjoyment.

Bill Blunt didn't look glad. On the contrary, he seemed quite staggered. His jaw dropped and the pipe fell from his nerveless fingers. He stared fixedly at the newcomer till his gaze must have taken in every line of his features. Then he uttered a howl, either of fright or dismay, and jumping to his feet dashed around the corner of the cottage and disappeared.

CHAPTER II.—Bill Blunt and His Old Shipmate

Jack looked after him in astonishment. So did Ruby, who came to the door to welcome Jack, as she always did. As for Tom Tucker, he seemed vastly amused at the strange behavior of his old shipmate. The boy, having heard Tucker's remarks to Bill, judged that Blunt believed his old shipmate dead, and his sudden appearance on the scene, without warning, had frightened him out of his wits.

"Say, Mr. Tucker," he said, "you oughtn't to have sprung yourself on Blunt that way if you knew he thought you were dead and buried. You must have given him a terrible shock."

"Yes, I reckon I did," chuckled Tucker, who apparently had no compunction on the subject.

"You shouldn't have done it. If his heart was weak he might have dropped dead. You ought to have used some judgment."

"I wanted to take him by surprise."

"You did that all right."

"Have you any objection to me walkin' in and makin' myself at home? Bill will be back, I reckon, when he gets over his excitement."

"Come in. Bill has had his supper, hasn't he, Ruby?"

"Yes, Jack. Yours is all ready."

"Ruby, what's on the bill of fare to-night?"

"Eggs and bacon," answered the girl.

"Well, cook some for Mr. Tucker. He says he's an old shipmate of Bill's. At any rate, Bill knows him and won't object."

Ruby proceeded to cook a mess of bacon and eggs for the newcomer, and inside of fifteen minutes the three sat down to the table to eat, for the girl always waited for Jack to come home before she had her own supper. Tom Tucker proved a very agreeable personage. He regaled the young people with some of his sea-going experiences, in the telling of which he broke off every once in a while to chuckle, as if some pleasant recollection recurred to him at that moment. While the three were eating at the table, a face suddenly appeared at one of the windows of the room. It was Bill Blunt's not over handsome countenance. After recovering from his

consternation he had come back. He saw Tom Tucker seated at the head of the table making short work of the food which Ruby had placed before him, and he saw Jack and the girl in their accustomed places.

Blunt was in a position to take a leisurely survey of his old friend, and to satisfy himself that if Tucker had been in the undertaker's hand in Belize, British Honduras, he had some back to life before being planted in the cemetery. Supper was prolonged owing to the yarns Tucker amused the two young people with, but as there is an end to all things, he finally shoved back his chair, remarked that he felt better now that he had taken a cargo of grub aboard, and mildly suggested if there was an extra pipe in the house, and some tobacco, he would take it as a favor if Jack produced both. The boy took down the cigar-box holding the contents of a bag of short cut, and also the pipe that Blunt reserved for any village acquaintance who favored him with a visit.

Tucker loaded the bowl, ignited it with a live coal, and began to smoke. Jack went outside to try and find Blunt. Bill made his presence known and called the boy to him.

"Where did you pick up that rascal?" he growled.

"Rascal!" cried Jack, in a tone of surprise. "Isn't he an old shipmate of yours? He told me he was."

Jack told the circumstances under which he became acquainted with the sailor.

"Why did you want to risk your life to save him?"

"Do you suppose I was going to see him run down by the train without raising a finger in his behalf?"

"I'd have seen him run down by fifty trains before I'd have done a thing for him."

"Well, he's here. What are you going to do about it?"

"Do! I don't see that I can do anything. He appears to be a fixture."

"Why don't you go inside and pretend you're glad to see him?"

"Because I'm not a two-faced liar."

As there was a thunder-storm coming up, Bill would certainly be obliged to seek shelter. He recognized that fact and cursed the newcomer in choice terms.

"You can send him away in the morning, using as an excuse that you have no room to accommodate him," said Jack.

"Yes, I can do lots of things. Tucker has come here to stay till he's ready to go."

"He hasn't brought any of his things with him. He told me he wanted to see how the wind blew before he fetched what he called his dunnage."

"It doesn't make any difference with him how the wind blows. He's come on an errand, and he expects to get what he's after."

"You'd better go in and see him, for there's a thunder-storm coming up, and you can't stay out here and get wet or you'll be laid up with your complaint. Tell him you thought he was dead and buried long ago, and that his sudden appearance, without warning, gave you the shock of your life. You can admit that you thought he

was a ghost, and that is why you took to your heels," said Jack.

Bill Blunt allowed himself to be persuaded to face the music, and he walked into the living-room with Jack.

"So you've come back, eh, Bill?" said Tucker, eyeing him with a grin. "Took me for a shadder from 'tother world, I'll be bound, come to harnt you, maybe. Give us your fin and you'll see I'm just as much alive as you are yourself."

The men shook hands, Bill without any display of enthusiasm.

"How is it after you were pronounced dead by the doctor, and I saw you put in your coffin and carried off to the graveyard, that you're alive and hearty now?" said Bill, eyeing Tucker through a veil of smoke.

"Easy enough. I came to at the graceyard, pounded on the inside of the box and scared the natives who were about to dump me into the hole so bad that they dropped the coffin and ran for all they were worth," and Tucker chuckled at the recollection.

Most persons would have felt a thrill of horror on recalling such a narrow escape from being buried alive—the most awful of experiences; but the sailor did not appear to be affected that way.

"The coffin was a flimsy sort of affair," continued Tucker. "When it struck the ground it split open and I rolled out. I lay there a while half dazed, and was found by some British sailors from a brig. When they saw I was not dead, they took me down to their boat and carried me aboard their vessel. The skipper looked me over, said he guessed I'd pull through with care, and poured some nasty tastin' stuff down my throat. As I wasn't able to tell anythin' about myself, and the sailors couldn't learn anythin' about me ashore, I was kept aboard the brig when she sailed, and later was landed at Rio. I was pretty nigh well then, and as I had urgent reasons for gettin' back to Belize as soon as I could, I shipped on a sloop in a day or two and reached the town in due course. Then I found that you had dusted out on a vessel bound for the States and had taken my bag with you. It was kind of you to look after my things, you old shellback, partickerly that there chart I set so much store by. Seein' you knew what the thing was worth, I figger you have it yet, and but for the rheumatics would have taken a shy at the cache of the old buccaneers. As I ain't troubled with the rheumatics, I'll take it as a favor if you'll hand that there chart back. As for the other things in the bag, you're welcome to 'em."

"I s'pose you wouldn't believe me if I told you I mislaid that chart?" said Blunt.

"No, I don't think I would. It would be too much to ask of me."

"Your bag was washed overboard on the trip to Boston."

"Was it? What a pity! How did it happen?"

"You see, we ran into a three day's gale, the bark sprung a leak, and the heavy seas flooded the forecastle. A lot of dunnage was lost and your bag went with the rest of the stuff," said Bill watching the effect of his yarn on his visitor.

"Did you lose your own bag?"

"No."

"Then I guess the chart is safe enough, for

you'd have sacrificed everythin' afore you'd have lost that."

Bill made no reply.

"You might as well admit that you have the chart, you old sea griffin, for if you took your oath you hadn't I wouldn't believe it. Come now, own up."

Before Bill could make a reply, one way or the other, there was a brilliant flash of lightning and a sudden and loud clap of thunder shoot the cottage to its foundation.

CHAPTER III.—What Happened in the Night.

Jack and Ruby, who had retired to the front room overlooking the garden, a meagerly furnished little parlor, to entertain themselves, as the two sailors had no particular use for them, were startled by the crash.

"That was a corker," said Jack.

"It gave me an awful start," said the girl.

"It must have been a thunderbolt. It may have hit some tree around here."

"I hope we won't have another like that. I am so afraid of thunder and lightning. If a bolt hit the cottage we'd all be killed."

Jack got up and took a peep at the two men in the living-room. There was a bottle of rum and two glasses on the table. Also a deck of cards which Blunt was dealing to himself and his companion.

"Bill and his old shipmate are as thick as two peas now," said Jack, on returning to Ruby. "Bill has brought out the rum bottle, and they are playing cards."

"He acted very funny at first, Bill did," said the girl. "Do you think he really took our visitor for a spirit from the other world?"

"Suppose you'd seen me in my coffin on the way to the cemetery, after a doctor had pronounced me dead, and five years afterward I called on you without warning—what would you take me for? Sailors are superstitious, you know. It's my opinion that Bill got the shock of his life. It knocked the rheumatism out of him for the time being. He never could have rushed around the house that way, without even a stick to support him, under ordinary circumstances."

Nine o'clock came around, the usual hour that the young folks retired for the night, except when they went to a dance or some entertainment in the village. The two sailors were talking and laughing in the living-room. As Jack's room was directly over that part of the house, he heard them at frequent intervals till he dropped asleep. Along about midnight Jack was awakened by somebody shaking his arm. He started up and was surprised to see Ruby in her night-gown beside his bed.

"What's the matter, Ruby?" he asked. "Has anything happened?"

"The visitor, Tucker, is in Bill's room and is searching his sea-chest," replied the girl, in an agitated voice.

"The dickens he is!" cried Jack. "And Bill is asleep?"

"He isn't in his room."

"Isn't he? Where is he? What time is it?"

"After twelve. He must have fallen asleep

downstairs, and the visitor is taking advantage of it to rob him."

"Go back to your room. I'll get up and look into this matter. I guess Tucker is looking for something which belongs to him and which Bill has refused to give up, or has declared he has lost. We heard Tucker say that when he got back to Belize, after his illness—you remember he said he was taken to Rio Janeiro on a British brig—that he found Bill had carried his bag off with him when he left for the States. In that bag was a chart which Tucker said was of some value to him. I'll bet Bill wants to keep that chart, and Tucker doesn't intend to let him do so. He's probably got Bill drunk so he could look for his property. I guess he won't take anything that belongs to Bill."

Ruby returned to her room, and Jack hastily donned his trousers. He marched into Blunt's room and surprised Tucker at his felonious work.

"Here, what are you about, Mr. Tucker?" he demanded. "What right have you to go through Bill's sea-chest?"

Tucker recovered his self-possession in a moment or two.

"I'm huntin' for a piece of property which belongs to me," he said, coolly.

"A chart?" asked Jack.

"Yes, it's a chart."

"Why didn't you ask Bill to return it to you?"

"He woudn't hand it over, so I made free to look for it myself."

"Bill is downstairs, I suppose?"

"I reckon."

"Asleep, or drunk?"

"He's hard and fast asleep," said Tucker, with a chuckle.

"I don't know as I ought to let you monkey with Bill's things."

"Come here and look for the chart yourself."

Tucker got up and let Jack take his place.

"What's that streak on your shirt? It looks like blood," said Jack.

Tucker looked at his shirt and saw the dab of red.

"Oh, that's a splash of red paint I got aboard the schooner this mornin'," he said.

The sailor spoke so unconcernedly that Jack had no suspicion he was not telling the truth, though, being an observing boy, he wondered that he had not seen the very plain marks before. Jack, who was satisfied that the visitor was entitled to the chart, went carefully through the trunk, but failed to find anything that resembled such a thing.

"It isn't here," he said.

"It ain't in this room, that's sure," Tucker growled, finally. "What in thunder did he do with it?"

"Is it one of those charts that tells where to find a buried treasure?"

"Suppose it is; what of it? It belongs to me. If Bill hadn't been took down with the rheumatiz he'd have gone huntin' for it himself. Since he's been gettin' better he's been calculatin' on makin' a start soon; but I reckon he won't make any start now," said the sailor, with an ugly look. "A chap who goes back on his old shipmate deserves all he gets."

There was a menace in his tones that Jack didn't like.

"Maybe he gave that chart to the gal for safe-keepin'," said Tucker.

"You can ask her in the morning."

"I reckon I'll ask her now."

"No, you won't."

"Who's goin to stop me?"

"I'll stop you," said Jack, resolutely. "I won't have her disturbed. I don't believe she knows anything about it, anyway."

"How do you know she doesn't?"

"I think she had told me, for we have no secrets from each other."

"Maybe you know whether she's Bill's niece or not?"

"Maybe I do, but I ain't saying anything about it."

"I don't believe she is. He never told me he had one, and Bill and me was pretty thick in our time. She doesn't look anythin' like him. I'll swear to that. He's had some object in pretendin' she was related to him, but there's an end of that now."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Never mind. You can go to your room now; I'm through up here," said Tucker, taking up the lamp. "See that you don't follow me downstairs. If you do maybe I'll forget you saved my life at the culvert. I'm in a bad humor now, and don't want to be bothered. A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse," he said, significantly.

With the lamp throwing a halo about his rolling form, Tucker descended the stairs. He didn't look behind to see if Jack was paying attention to his hint. He appeared to take it for granted that he was. Instead of going into the living-room, he steered for the little parlor. Then he shut the door, and Jack heard nothing further from him.

"I don't like the looks of things," muttered the boy. "There's more cool villainy in Tucker than I supposed, unless I'm a poor guesser. I took him for an easy-going sailor, with that chuckle of his. Now I'm inclined to believe that there's more under that chuckle than strikes the ear. I wonder if he's done more to Bill than get him drunk. I'm going down to see, at all hazard."

With his bare feet Jack made no sound in gliding down the stairs. He reached the door of the living-room, opened it, and looked in. It was dark in there, as the boy might have guessed, seeing as Tucker had the only lamp in the house in his possession. Jack shut the door, glided to the spot where the match-safe hung against the wall, and struck a light. He expected to see Blunt seated in a chair at the table, bent over it perhaps in a drunken way, but the two chairs standing near the table, which had been occupied by the men during the evening, were empty. Jack looked around the room but saw no sign of Bill. The cards lay scattered on the table, and the empty rum bottle lay on its side. There was nothing in the two glasses. The boy struck a second match, then he saw something that made him gasp. A splash of red on the edge of the table, another on the floor, and then drops of red leading toward the outside door.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "Can it be that Tucker has killed Bill?"

The match expired in his fingers, and the room became dark again.

CHAPTER IV.—What Jack Found in the Wood.

Then Jack heard sounds in the hall, and a light shone under the door. The sailor was coming toward the room. After what he had seen the boy didn't think it would be well for him to meet Tucker. The only place he could take refuge in was the pantry closet. He got in there in short order. Tucker entered the room. Walking to the sink he got a cloth, a pan of water and a piece of soap. He proceeded to remove every spot of red in the room. Then he sat in one of the chairs, threw one of his bulky legs over the end of the table, and seemed to be considering his next move.

At last he picked up his hat, blew out the lamp, opened the kitchen door and went out. Jack left the pantry, rushed to the window and looked out. The darkness of the night prevented the boy from seeing anything outside. He heard the sound of retreating footsteps near the corner of the cottage. The inference was simple—the sailor was taking his departure. Jack went upstairs and dressed himself. He felt that he must find Bill Blunt, whether he was dead or alive. When he came out into the corridor, ready for the quest, the door of Ruby's room opened and the girl caught him by the arm.

"You were in Bill's room for some time with Tucker," she said. "What was he looking for, and where was Bill?"

"Tucker was hunting for a chart that belonged to him. I guess it shows where a treasure is hidden, maybe on some island. He didn't find it. If Bill had it he hid it somewhere else. I'm going to take the lantern and look for him outside."

"Where is Tucker?"

"He has gone away for good, I guess."

Jack started downstairs. He took the lantern from its hook on the wall, lighted it and left the house. Flashing the light around the outside of the door he looked for the trail taken by Tucker with the body. Although it had rained heavily while the storm was passing, the ground was so hard near the house that there were no signs of footsteps visible. Neither were there any stains that looked like blood. Jack examined the whole of the little yard carefully till he came to the truck-patch. Judging that Tucker avoided this cultivated spot, he went to one side of it and looked the ground over.

Finding no clue there he went to the other side, with similar result. After spending a fruitless half hour, he gave up the search until he could take it up with more advantage in the daylight. As he was not sure Bill had been actually done away with, he left the kitchen door on the latch, so he could get in if he was able to come back himself. Jack didn't wake up until his usual hour of six o'clock. Ruby was always up at that hour to get him his breakfast, for he had to report at the cannery at seven. He found Ruby in the living-room starting the fire for breakfast.

"You didn't find Bill last night," she said, with an uneasy look in her eyes. "I'm afraid something has happened to him."

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"I'm afraid so myself," replied Jack.

"If Bill doesn't come back I shall be nervous all day. Tucker might return, and I don't want to meet him alone."

"Don't worry. I'm not going to work this morning. I'm going to look for Bill. While you are getting breakfast I'll go as far as the wood."

Jack left the house and took his way in the direction of the cliffs. He went over the ground slowly, moving to the right and left, on the lookout for signs indicating that Tucker had carried his victim that way. He saw nothing of the kind. On reaching the wood he walked around among the trees, but to no purpose.

The wood was a very open one and afforded little concealment in the daytime. Jack thought that Tucker might have merely stunned Bill with a blow that drew blood, then carried him to the wood and tied him to a tree. He shouted frequently but got no answer to his hail. At the end of half an hour he was satisfied that Blunt wasn't in the wood, even as a corpse. On his way back to the house he saw where the thunder-bolt of the night before struck. The lightning hit an old dead tree and tore it out of place. It lay on the ground a complete wreck, exposing a hollow interior. Jack paused and looked down at the twisted roots. Something in the debris caught his attention. He poked around to see what it was. It proved to be a small bundle done up in a piece of canvas. The boy picked it up, wondering what the bundle contained.

"I'll take it to the house and investigate its contents," he said. "Looks as though somebody dropped it into the hollow tree, and the bolt of lightning brought it to light by smashing the tree."

Taking it under his arm he went on his way. When he got back to the cottage breakfast was ready.

"I found no signs of Bill," he said, placing the bundle on a small side table. "I thought Tucker might have got him drunk, dragged him to the wood and tied him to one of the trees to get him out of the way. I found no indications that any such trick was executed by Tucker. The wood isn't large, that you know, and is open. I went all over it. The only thing out of usual I found was evidence that the thunderbolt last night knocked the spots out of a dead tree. I found that bundle among the roots and brought it back with me to see what is in it."

"It is strange that anybody should leave such a bundle there."

"Rather; but the tree was hollow, and the bundle had evidently been dropped into it by somebody who wanted to put it out of sight."

"Who could have done it?"

"I couldn't tell you, for I'm not a mind reader."

"I wonder what is in it?" said Ruby, curiously.

"I'll open it after breakfast and we'll find out."

During the meal Ruby kept referring to the unexplainable absence of Bill. She said he never would have stayed away of his own accord. Jack agreed with her, for Blunt's rheumatism always kept him close to the house, except that summer, when, feeling much better, he made occasional visits to the town, and sometimes went

over to the cliffs after dinner and remained there all the afternoon. The boy did not care to say what his opinion was, but he feared the worst. After the meal Jack picked up a knife and severed the stout cords which held the bundle together. The piece of canvas had been put around it to protect the contents from the action of the weather. After that was removed Jack came to a copy of the Bartown newspaper in which a hard substance was wrapped and tied with a cord. He cut the cord, took off the paper and found a small tin box with a key attached to the handle by a piece of string.

"Now we'll see what we've got here," said the boy, opening the box.

He expected to find some money, or valuables—probably the result of a robbery in the neighborhood—but nothing like that was in the box. There was a sheet of paper containing writing, and underneath that a stained and folded piece of heavy parchment-like paper. Jack looked at the written sheet first and recognized the familiar pothooks of Bill Blunt.

"This belongs to Bill," said Jack. "He put the bundle in the hollow tree. He must have thought it safer there than in the house."

"What does it say?" asked Ruby, eagerly.
"I'll read it to you," said Jack. "Listen."

"In the event of my death I leave the contents of this box jointly to Ruby Rand and Jack Hardinge, as my heirs, together with everything I own in the cottage. The parchment is valuable to any one able to make out the meaning of it. I know the secret, but for fear this box might be found by some one who has no right to its contents I put down no explanation of it. The letter under the parchment, addressed to Ruby Rand, must on no account be opened by a stranger, but handed to her, as it contains informations of no interest to any one but herself, and she must not open it herself until one year after my death."

"Witnessed by (Signed) William Blunt.

"John Tudor, Tom Haines—both of Bartown."

"My gracious!" cried Ruby. "Let me see the letter."

"I can guess what this parchment is," said Jack, taking it from the box.

"What is it?"

"The chart that Tom Tucker was after, but I am not sure that he ought to have it now. There is the letter."

The letter was addressed to Ruby and marked "Private. To be opened by Ruby one year after my death. Bill."

"Put it back. You can't open it now," said Jack.

The girl returned it to him reluctantly.

"I think I ought to know what's in it," she said.

"We don't know that Bill is dead. Anyway, he says you mustn't open and read it for a year. It goes back into the box. Now we'll take a look at the chart."

He carefully opened and spread out the parchment. It was yellow with age and was stained as if from tobacco juice, but the markings on it

were perfectly clear and distinct. To begin with, it was a rude drawing, oblong in shape, slightly resembling an animal, with two short front legs, one hind leg and a bushy tail. Above it was written three words in Spanish, the translation of which appeared over them in lead pencil, in Bill's writing thus: "Wolf Key." A key is a low island, either of coral or sand. Usually they are near a coast like the Florida Keys. The indentation between the hind leg and the tail was evidently a cove. Another one lay between the two front legs, and a third between one of the legs and the head. A cross was marked in the last one. Along the bottom was some writing in Spanish which neither Jack nor Ruby could understand. Above the head was a vertical cross with compass marks, N, E, S, W.

This showed how the island lay. On the head was a rude formation of a human skull. An arrow pointed toward it. Another arrow pointed from it. Half-way the length of the first arrow was a cross from which sprouted an arrow which pointed east, according to the compass, accompanied by the letter XII. Alongside the first arrow, between the feathery end and the cross, were the letters VIII. That was all, and it was not very enlightening.

"What does it mean?" said Ruby.

"It means, as far as I can understand, that this sketch is the drawing of an island, called Wolf Key, which, from its name, I judge is situated somewhere in the Caribbean Sea, maybe in the great Bahama group which extends for many hundreds of miles; as you can see by consulting a geography. From the partial admission I got from Tucker last night there is a treasure worth \$100,000, more or less, buried on this island. This chart is presumed to point out the spot where it is hidden. The marks and the writing probably furnish the necessary clues, but as the latter is in a foreign tongue, which I guess is Spanish, it is only so much Greek to me. If I had a translation I could give you further information on the subject," said Jack.

"But you could have it translated, couldn't you?" said the girl.

"Yes; but just now we have Bill's fate to think about, so we'll put the chart back in the box, with the sheet of paper, lock it up, and if Bill turns up all right I'll hand it over to him, telling him how I came to find it, and maybe he'll explain the secret of the chart to us. If he won't we can't make him."

Jack told Ruby to hide the box in a safe place for the present.

"I'm going out now to make another hunt for Bill. I can't tell when I'll be back. I don't think you need fear that Tucker will come here again. He wouldn't have gone away if he hadn't given up the chart as a bad job."

Then Jack kissed Ruby and left the cottage.

CHAPTER V.—Wolf Key.

Jack hardly knew in what direction to continue his search for Bill Blunt. He went all over the ground in the immediate vicinity of the cottage under the impression that if Tucker had

killed Bill he would have hidden his body in the bushes. After an hour's search, which yielded no result, he started for town to see what the chief of police would think about the disappearance of the man. The chief heard his story and detailed two officers to return with him to the cottage and make a thorough investigation. A third officer was sent out to find Tucker, if he could.

As Jack said that Tucker told him he had arrived from Boston on the previous day, after working his passage on a schooner, the officer went to the water front to find the vessel and make inquiries about the sailor. The officers who accompanied Jack to the house searched the building from cellar to roof, on the chance that Tucker, if he had killed Bill, had hidden his body somewhere in the cottage. Their search was vain. Then they went carefully over the living-room for a clew, but found none. Jack showed them where he had seen what he believed was a splash of blood on the corner of the table, and also on the floor, and how he had noticed similar but smaller spots leading to the door. He told how he had seen Tucker clean up all those marks.

The boy's statement savored strongly of foul play, and as the cottage yielded nothing in the way of evidence, the three started for the wood to make another search of that place. Jack declared that he had been all over the wood that morning and had found nothing to show that Bill was there, either dead or alive. The second search was as unproductive as Jack's first one.

"He might have carried the body to the cliffs and dumped it over," said one of the policemen.

"That would have been a long trip for him to make on a dark and rainy night," said Jack. "As Tucker is a stranger in this vicinity, I don't think he would have undertaken such a thing. Anyway, when I surprised him in Bill's room, going through Blunt's sea-chest, he didn't look as if he'd been out of the house."

The officers decided to go over to the cliffs, anyway. When they reached the edge, and the broad Atlantic, smiling in the sunshine, burst upon their sight, they looked for signs showing that a body had been dragged there and thrown over. They found none. They, with the boy, scanned the shore below for half a mile in either direction without seeing anything resembling a body. A body dropped down there, however, stood a chance of being washed away by the water at high tide. The tide was low then. It was high about three that morning, and at a rough calculation was three-quarters full at the time the supposed crime had been committed. After a survey of the shore the officers decided that there was but one chance in four of a body being carried off by the sea.

On the whole they agreed with Jack that Tucker had not been to the cliffs. So the party returned to the cottage. The search of the immediate neighborhood was resumed, and when it proved unsuccessful the officers returned to town to make their report. Jack remained to get his dinner and then went to town to see if Tucker had been arrested. He learned that the sailor had come to Bartown on a schooner as he stated. He had spent part of the afternoon in company

with the sailor who belonged to the vessel, and had left him an hour before sunset, saying he would call for his bag in the morning. The foremast hand said that Tucker had returned some time after midnight and turned in, and after breakfast had departed with his bag without saying where he was going.

Later it was learned that a man answering his description was seen boarding a train that went to Portsmouth. As he could do nothing more toward lifting the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Blunt, Jack repaired to the cannery and worked the rest of the day. He returned to the cottage at the usual time and found Ruby eagerly waiting for him. He told her what he had learned about Tucker's movements after his departure from the cottage the night before. During supper the sole topic they talked about was Bill's strange disappearance. Jack was not so certain now that Blunt had been murdered by Tucker, for he could not see where the sailor could have concealed the body that their search would not have found it. At the same time no other theory than murder would seemingly account for Bill's vanishing so completely. After supper Jack asked Ruby to fetch the tin box.

He studied the chart for a while, and finally made a copy of it, returning the original to the box. During his dinner-hour next day he made inquiries along the water front to find some one who was acquainted with Spanish. He was not successful. Next day being Sunday he took a trip over to Rockland to see if he could find a sailor there familiar with that language. An inquiry along the water front there resulted in his finding a man who understood Spanish first-rate. He made a copy of the writing on a separate slip of paper, and this slip he handed the man and asked him if he could translate it. The sailor ran his eyes over it and asked him where he got hold of the writing. Jack replied that he had found it in a tin box.

"It's a direction for finding something buried in the ground," said the man.

"Is that so?" replied Jack, in an innocent way.

"Yes. I'll read it to you," and he did, as follows:

"Bring top of skull rock in line with lower edge of rising sun at low tide. Mark off VII fathoms from water's edge toward rock. Face E and mark off XII fathoms. Dig I fathom."

"Read that off again. I want to take it down," said Jack.

The sailor re-read the slip and the boy copied his translation on a piece of paper.

"A sailor wrote that," said the mariner. "What's buried on that spot?"

"I couldn't tell you," replied Jack, evasively.

"Sounds like one of those old buried treasure yarns I've heard."

"That's what I thought it might be, but your translation makes no mention of a treasure."

"If it refers to a treasure it isn't necessary to mention it. Those are the directions to be followed in order to find it. What did you copy that writing from—a chart or something that appeared to be genuine?"

"An old piece of heavy paper."

"What else was on the paper?"

"An outline drawing supposed to represent an island, with compass directions and various markings."

"Whereabouts was the island supposed to be situated?"

"The paper didn't say."

"But it gave the latitude and longitude, didn't it?"

"No."

"Perhaps the name of the island was mentioned?" said the sailor, curiously.

"There were three words in Spanish above the outline."

"Let's have them and I'll tell you the meaning of them."

"I can't remember them," said Jack, who had no intention of telling the man the name of the island, which Bill Blunt had translated himself.

"Where do you live?"

"Over at Bartown."

"I'll come over and take a look at your paper, and maybe I can tell if there is anything in it. What did you say your name was?"

"Tom White."

The mariner wrote the name on the edge of a newspaper he took out of his pocket, and then Jack bade him good-by and hurried off.

"I must keep out of that chap's way if he comes over to Bartown," thought the boy. "I'm not going to show him, or any other stranger, that chart. I've got the information I wanted and have no further use for him. I can see that he suspects there is something in the writing, and he tried to draw out all I know about it. He did not get any real facts out of me, though. The next thing is to find out where Wolf Key is situated. I feel sure it's somewhere in the Caribbean, the chances being that it's in the Bahama group. I've heard that there are hundreds of little islands mixed among the larger ones and called Keys."

"Most of them haven't a name, not being worth such an honor. Since this one has a title, it must be of more importance than the general run. I dare say I could pick it out on a regular chart of the Caribbean Sea, and get its latitude and longitude. But suppose I find out all about it, what then? I don't see any chance of visiting it and looking for a treasure which might not exist. The old Spanish buccaneers used to bury their spoils on many of the islands, but the chances are they dug it up later and spent it, having a good time in their own way—drinking and carousing. With that chart in existence it doesn't seem probable that the treasure it refers to has remained on Wolf Island for eighty years or more, even if the pirates who buried it did not return for it and take it away."

"However, Tucker evidently believes it is still there, or he wouldn't have been in such a sweat to get back the chart. Since he did not recover it, I wonder what he's going to do? He hasn't seen the chart for several years, and though he undoubtedly knows the identity of the island, and has a general idea of the directions, I assume it is a question if he could find the treasure, supposing it is there, without the chart. In fact, if he could he wouldn't have come after it."

Jack returned to Bartown and went to work next morning as usual. That evening he went to

the town public library and looked carefully over a map of the Caribbean Sea in an up-to-date atlas. He could not find Wolf Island in the Bahama group, nor anywhere on the map, though he found a great many dots, standing for islands or Keys, that were so named. That satisfied him that the island in question could only be located through a regular navigators' chart of the West Indies. There was a brig loading at one of the wharves, and next day Jack went aboard of her after work and asked for the captain.

"He's at supper in the cabin," said the foremast hand Jack spoke to.

"Then I'll wait till he's through," said the boy.

"I guess he's pretty near through now. Go in through that passage and look into the first room on your left. That's the pantry, and you are likely to find the steward there. Tell him you want to see the old man as soon as he's done supper, and he'll take your message into the cabin."

Jack followed directions. The steward took his request to the skipper, and when he came back he told the boy to follow him.

"Well, what can I for you, young man?" asked the captain.

"You have among your charts one of the West Indies, I suppose?" said Jack.

"I have," replied the skipper.

"I want to find out if there is an island called Wolf Key in the Caribbean."

"If you will wait till the steward clears away I will look the matter up for you."

"There is such an island in the Bahama group about fifty miles nor'east of Grand Turk," put in the mate. "I've seen it. Viewed from aloft as you approach it from the sou'east, it has some sort of resemblance to a wolf with three legs and a bushy tail like a fox. It is a low sandy Key only a few feet above high water, except at the point that might be taken for the wolf's head. There it is rocky, though not very high. Two coves jut in at that point. The entire shore of the Key is sandy and shelving, and there is little vegetation. What there was when I passed that way six years ago was around the head. The Key is a great place for turtles. The animals go ashore there in large numbers during the breeding season and lay their eggs in the sand. It is a favorite rendezvous for the turtle-catchers at that time of the year. No one else lands there."

"You have described the Key exactly," said Jack. "I should like to get the latitude and longitude of the island."

"We can give you that easily enough," said the captain. "Since the mate can put his finger on the island I'll turn you over to him."

Jack was invited to take a cup of coffee and some cold meat and bread, and he accepted the invitation. In due time the table was cleared off, the captain went on deck to take a smoke, and the mate brought out the chart of the West Indies and spread it on the table.

"There's Grand Turk Island," he said, pointing at it, and that little spot there to the northeast is Wolf Island. If your eyes are good you can read its name. I don't suppose you want its bearing down to seconds, do you?"

"No," said Jack. "In fact, now that I see where it is, and you say it is fifty miles northeast of Grand Turk, the latitude and longitude is not of as much importance as I thought."

"There it is, close enough for you to make the Key if you were a navigator. Longitude, 70 degrees 14 minutes west; latitude, 21 degrees 50 minutes north," said the mate, passing the boy a slip of paper on which he had written the figures.

Jack thanked the mate for the information, added the additional fact that the Key was about 50 miles northeast of Grand Turk Island, and took his leave.

CHAPTER VI.—The Unmanned Schooner.

It was dark when Jack got to the cottage, and he found Ruby anxiously watching for him at the gate.

"What kept you so long, Jack, dear?" she said, after he had given her his customary brotherly kiss. "I was beginning to fear that something had happened to you, too."

"Nonsense!" laughed the boy. "I was aboard a brig loading at one of the wharves."

"What took you there?"

"I wanted to find out the situation of Wolf Key."

"Did you learn what you wanted?"

"Yes. I know exactly where the island is. I guess I can show you on the map of the West Indies in your geography. That probably shows Grand Turk Island, and Wolf Key is about 50 miles northeast of it. It is only a small, sandy place. Nobody goes there but turtle catchers, and they only during the season when the turtles are hunted."

"Sit right down to your supper. It's been ready for nearly an hour."

"I had a bite aboard the brig, but I guess I can eat some more."

During the meal he told her all he learned from the mate.

"What good will this do you, Jack?" said Ruby. "You surely don't expect to go to the island."

"If Bill doesn't turn up and go treasure hunting himself I may make a trip to the island one of these days. With the chart, which holds the only clew to the supposed treasure, in my possession, the thing will keep. If the stuff is buried there, which I am inclined to doubt, no one else can find it, so I can take my own time about investigating it. That won't be for some time, for I'll need money to reach the Tropics, and enough funds to charter a small craft to sail to the Key in."

"I'm glad you don't want to go right away. What would I do without you now that Bill is missing—perhaps dead?"

"Don't worry, little one. No fear of me leaving you."

That evening Jack got out his copy of the chart and added the latitude and longitude on the back. It was unnecessary to put down that the Key was 50 miles northeast of Grand Turk Island, for the boy was not likely to forget the fact. He also put the latitude and longitude on the back of the parchment chart. During Bill's absence he thought Ruby ought to take charge

of his pocketbook, so he got it out of the chest and handed it to her. She put it in the tin box along with the chart and the letter, and kept the box in her trunk in the closet. One warm evening in August Jack and a friend of his named Sam Swinton hired a sailboat and laid their course for the mouth of the little harbor. Jack had invited Ruby to accompany them, but a bad headache prevented her from taking the trip with the boys. They extended their sail outside the harbor. The breeze was a smacking one, and as the night was fine, and both the lads clever boatmen, they kept right out at sea until they were two miles from the shore.

"I guess we've got far enough," said Sam; let's put back."

"All right. Hello, here comes a craft without any lights set. That's funny, don't you think?"

"It's against maritime regulations. What do you make her out to be?"

"A small schooner, as near as I can guess. She's a fore-and-after at any rate."

"She's acting kind of queer," said Sam.

"She certainly is. If I were to hazard an opinion I should say there was no one at the helm. Notice how she comes up in the wind and then falls away? That's a sign that a craft is steering itself on a loose wheel. Then the circumstance that she doesn't show the ordinary lights goes to intimate that there's no one aboard of her."

"If she broke away from her moorings she wouldn't have her sails hoisted," said Sam.

"Hardly. She's heading directly for us. I'll steer for her, and when we get close we'll hail her."

"All right."

The strange craft, which proved to be a small schooner, neared them like a dark shadow, silhouetted against the bright horizon.

When a cable's length away the boys shouted together, "Schooner ahoy!"

The schooner lay low in the water, showing she had a cargo aboard. She was painted black, with a red band, but the paint looked gray and rusty. There was no one at the wheel, which swung first one way and then the other, as the swish of the water acted on the rudder. That was pretty good evidence that no one was aboard of her, but the boys shouted several times to make sure.

"Here's a chance to make some salvage money," said Jack. "We'll board her, sail her into the harbor and libel her, then the owners will have to pay us a fair amount for saving her and her cargo. We might get \$500 apiece."

"Think so?" cried Sam, eagerly.

"I do."

"Then I'm with you."

Jack ran the sailboat under the schooner's lee quarter, and Sam caught a rope that hung down into the water.

"Jump aboard," said Jack, "with the painter and make it fast to a cleat. I'll drop the sail and follow you. Then we'll make a quick examination of the vessel and turn her nose toward Bartown."

Within a couple of minutes both boys were on the schooner's deck. The opening leading down a flight of steps into the cabin looked black and forbidding. Sam went half way down,

fashioned his hands as a trumpet and shouted, "Ahoy! below! Anybody aboard?"

He received no reply.

"Strike a match, if you have one, and we'll look around," said Jack, who was close behind him.

Sam had some matches and he lighted one. As the blue flame shot up and dimly illuminated their immediately surroundings the boys entered the cabin together and started to look around. The mizzenmast shot up through the forward end of the cabin, and between that and the entrance stood a small table braced to the floor. Two chairs, one at the head and one at the foot of the table, were also secured so they couldn't topple over in rough weather. Above the table was a skylight with an unlighted lamp swinging under it. There was no space for staterooms. Instead, there was a bunk on either side perched on a couple of lockers, and hidden by a chintz curtain attached to a horizontal rod with metal rings.

Sam was in the act of reaching for one of the curtains when it was suddenly parted and a hairy looking face with great goggling eyes was thrust forth with a foot of Sam's own countenance. He uttered a yell of fright and stared back, dropping the expiring match on the floor. Jack had caught a fleeting glimpse of the hideous face, too, and was as much staggered as his companion, though he made no outcry. There came a rustle in the darkness, and before the boys could move each was seized by a powerful arm and flung against the mast, one after the other.

The shock deprived them of consciousness, and they lay on the floor just as they fell. The strange being which had laid them out chattered volubly and then sprang up the stairs to the after deck. Although it walked upright it was certainly an animal, for it had no clothing and was covered with hair. Its arms were abnormally long, and its legs short in proportion to its body. In the starlight it greatly resembled a young gorilla, almost fully grown. The animal looked around and noticed the sailboat alongside. Its curiosity seemed to be excited. With a leap it landed in the boat.

Almost the first thing it did was to inspect the painter which held the boat to the schooner. Giving the rope a strong jerk, the hitch Sam had taken around the cleat pulled free, the animal tumbled over backward and the sailboat parted company with the schooner. The animal set up a jabbering, expressive, no doubt, of its surprise at the new state of affairs, and rushing to the bow reached for the schooner, now three yards away, and rapidly widening its distance. The animal seemed inclined to leap across the watery gulf in order to regain the schooner. If that idea was in its head it give it up. After staring at the retreating schooner, it glided aft and sat down beside the rudder, which it worked first one way and then the other.

The sail being down the boat had no way on her, and so the schooner, in spite of her jerky movements, gradually left her further and further in the rear. During the night the wind changed to S. by E., and the schooner went off on her course without any help from the rudder. The sky, which had been quite bright and clear

when the two boys sailed out of Bartown harbor, clouded up and threatened rain, perhaps a spell of dirty weather. Toward morning the wind increased a bit in weight, and as the sea became rougher the schooner pitched to it, and when her stern rose the waves struck the loose rudder with a jarring sound. The boys, however, were unconscious of all that was passing. And so the little craft continued to work off shore, and get further to the south every hour.

CHAPTER VII.—On Board the Schooner.

Daylight, dull and wintry looking, was struggling down through the skylight, bringing out of the gloom the various objects about the cabin, when Jack came to his senses. He sat up and looked about him. Sam lay beside him, still dead to the world. There was a swelling on Jack's head, and he felt as groggy as though he had been knocked out in a ring battle. Several minutes passed before he began to realize where he was, and to recall the experience following the entry of himself and Sam in the cabin. Then he noticed that it was dark.

"My gracious! Have we been aboard this craft all night?" he ejaculated, as he struggled on his feet. "It must be around four, and we came aboard between nine and ten. At any rate the schooner has carried us some distance from the entrance of Bartown harbor. We must get back as soon as we can."

Then his thoughts recurred to the hairy monster which had come upon them in the dark and handled them without gloves. It was not cheerful to think that such a creature was at large aboard and might finish them the next time.

"We'll have to give up the idea of taking this craft into port," he thought. "It's isn't a safe proposition with that animal to cope with, and not a weapon to defend ourselves with. I wonder what kind of a beast it is?"

Remembering it had issued from between the curtains enclosing the port bunk, he looked fearfully at those curtains now, the gradually increasing light showing up every part of the cabin now. The curtains in question waved and trembled under the influence of the air that came down through the opening, and with the roll and pitch of the schooner. Jack noticed that the motion of the little vessel was more pronounced than when they came aboard of her. From that fact he judged that the wind had freshened somewhat. Well, he must get Sam around so they could get away in the sailboat before they had another run-in with the hairy beast.

He shook his companion roughly and chafed his temples, but Sam did not respond. Against the cabin bulkhead he saw a small red cask marked "Water." A tin cup attached to a chain hung close to it. Jack went over and turned the metal cock. A stream of water ran out into the cup which he held under it. He drank the water and felt somewhat better. He walked over to what appeared to be a cupboard, opened the door, and found three shelves, with a ledge along the bottom of each to keep their contents in place, in which stood a row of plates, another

of cups and saucers, a cruet stand and many other articles of table service. A drawer underneath contained knives, forks and spoons. Jack took a cup, filled it with water and threw its contents in Sam's face. The second application brought his companion around.

"Hello, where am I?" cried Sam, staring about the cabin.

"On board the schooner," replied Jack.

"Schooner! What schooner?" asked Sam.

"Don't you remember that we boarded one last night outside Bartown harbor?"

"So I do. We entered the cabin, and then something awful and hairy sprang upon us in the dark, and that is all I remember."

"Yes, whatever the hairy thing was it did us up for the time being. We have been lying here unconscious all night."

"All night! Great mackerel, is that so?"

"Can't you see that it's daylight?"

"Yes. Light is coming in through the skylight. It is pretty early for the sun isn't up yet. Where is that beast that attacked us?" said Sam, looking around fearfully.

"I don't know. I haven't seen it since I recovered my senses. I guess it has gone forward somewhere and is asleep. We must get away before it awakes or there is no telling what might happen to us."

"That's right. Let us return to the sailboat and push off. If we've been aboard this craft all night we have some distance to sail back. You may reach town soon enough to go to work on time, but you won't be able to go home for your breakfast. You'll have to eat at a restaurant on the water front."

"Ruby has worried over my absence all night, I'll bet," said Jack, as they started for the deck.

"Why should she? There hasn't been any bad weather to put us two in any danger. Last night was as fine a summer night as you could pick out."

Jack stepped on deck and looked for the sailboat. It was gone, as the reader knows.

"The boat is gone," gasped Jack. "Must have got loose somehow and floated off. Now what are we going to do, with that beast on board?"

"Oh, heavens!" ejaculated Sam. "And I can't see the coast line. The sky is all clouded up. If that sailboat is lost we'll have to pay for her."

"Never mind about the sailboat now. We have a more serious problem on our hands, and that is how to protect ourselves against that beast."

"What kind of animal do you think it is?"

"I couldn't tell you, for I didn't see it but for an instant."

"I saw its face. It looked like a huge baboon. It had a terribly fierce expression. Those monkeys are awfully strong. That fellow could squeeze the life out of us in one time."

"Since the sailboat is gone we ought to head the schooner toward the shore."

"Sure; but where is the shore? It is not in sight."

"It lay in that direction when we came aboard."

"The schooner might have altered her course during the night. There's the binnacle. Take a look at the compass card. I should say that a

northeast course is what we ought to follow."

"The compass is not under the hood," said Jack. "It has been removed."

"That's hard luck. If the sun would only show itself for a moment we could get our bearings."

"The only thing we can do now is to hold the vessel up on her present course and trust to luck. If we sight another craft we'll signal for aid."

Jack moved the wheel around to the proper point that got the schooner under control, and two big sails with the jibs drawing properly. On account of the supposed presence of the gorilla on board he decided to lash the wheel so the vessel would steer herself.

"The question is, where is that baboon, if it is a baboon?" said Sam. "It is probably asleep or it would have shown itself."

"The scuttle forward is open. I guess it's down there. We had better take off our shoes, slip over there, draw the cover over the opening and fasten it. That will make a prisoner of the beast, and leave us free to work the vessel into the nearest port."

"I'm game to do it," said Sam. "It may be the only way to save our lives."

Off came their shoes, and the boys crept forward to the scuttle. Sam shut it and secured it by means of the hasp. Then they felt easier until Sam suggested that the beast might after all be asleep in one of the cabin bunks.

"It came upon us out of one of them," he said. "Let's shut the cabin slide, too, to make a sure thing of the job."

Jack agreed that his companion's suggestion was a good one, and they hastened aft to put it in force.

"Wait a minute, I'd like to make sure that the animal is in the cabin," said Jack. "He can't be in both places. I believe we've got him caged forward."

"How are you going to find out?" asked Sam.

"I'm going down to peer behind the two curtains."

"I wouldn't take the risk if I were you."

"I think it's a fair one. If the animal was in one of the bunks it would have heard the noise we made after we regained our senses, and doubtless have shown itself. We may need the use of the cabin before we reach shore, so I'm not going to shut it up without real cause."

Jack went down softly and lifted the end of the curtain which hid the port bunk, where the animal was ensconced the night before, and saw it was empty. He crossed over to the other bunk and found that one empty, too.

"It's all right," he said to Sam, who was watching at the opening. "The beast isn't down here."

"He might be hiding in some corner," replied Sam.

"There's no other place that offers any concealment."

Sam was satisfied and came down.

"Then we've got him safe forward unless he breaks out," he said.

"Yes. There's a coil of cable forward attached to the anchor. We can drag that over to the scuttle and recoil it on top of it. That will hold him."

They went forward and carried out that scheme, ignorant of the fact that they were only wasting their efforts because the gorilla was not on board. Now that they had the animal off their minds they began to think about their own situation. It was after eight o'clock, though the boys did not believe it was later than six, until they noticed the cabin clock. They were both feeling hungry, and that was a serious matter unless they could find food on board.

"Let's see what we can find in the way of grub?" said Sam. A second cupboard produced some jars of potted tongue, a tin of crackers, and various other eatables. With water to wash the food down the boys made a fair breakfast off what they found in the cupboard. While they were eating Jack spied two closed and hinged doors, opening upward, in the forward bulkhead. An examination of these revealed a lot of provisions, including two whole hams, only one of which had been opened. Subsequently a trap-door in the floor disclosed more canned food and crackers in boxes which had not been touched. A case of light wine, and another of whisky, together with several bottles of French cognac, were also down under the trap.

"There's enough stuff aboard to feed the few people necessary to work this craft for a whole voyage to the West Indies and back," said Sam.

At the mention of the West Indies Jack suddenly recalled Wolf Island and the charted treasure. He had his copy of the chart in one of his inside pockets, and he thought that here was a fine chance to go after the treasure. With only Sam for a companion he felt that if they found the money they would have no difficulty in bringing it away. If he had to rely on the help of strangers, as would ordinarily be the case, the temptation of taking the treasure away from him would probably be too strong for them to resist, and they might even murder him in order to secure the whole of it for themselves. Such things had happened before and were quite likely to happen again. The idea of going after the treasure excited him only for a moment.

He would gladly embark on such an enterprise if it offered a reasonable chance of success; but he realized that it was almost out of the question, for he and Sam were not navigators, nor were they capable otherwise of sailing a schooner such a vast distance as that which intervened between their present position, close to the State of Maine, and the Caribbean Sea. Five or six people, including a captain and a mate, were necessary to carry the vessel down the Atlantic, and handle her in rough weather, which they were bound to meet with before their destination hove in sight. Without knowing how to make sights and calculate their position on a chart, without even a compass aboard, what chance had they of making Grand Turk Island, or any other of the Bahama group, except by accident? Hardly any.

Whereas they would have every chance of going to the bottom in a gale before they had gone half the distance. Thus thought Jack as he and Sam returned on deck.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Strenuous Time.

As the morning passed the weather grew more unpropitious, and the boys became anxious as their chances of reaching shore seemed unlikely to be realized very soon. While the wind did not increase, but on the contrary grew lighter, the horizon became misty, and the mist closed in on them by degrees, contracting the ocean into the limits of a large lake, and reducing their chances of seeing a sail if one appeared within signaling distance. As the wind continued to die away, their only hope lay in a steamer plying between Boston and Maine ports. Even that chance was doubtful, as the schooner was now well to the eastward of the Massachusetts coast, and beyond the track of the coastwise steamers.

This, however, they did not know. They believed they were close in to the coast. And they did not dream they were so far to the south. Noon arrived, as they learned from the clock in the cabin, and shortly afterward they went to a cold meal. They had heard no sounds from under the scuttle lid, which they looked for as soon as the animal they believed confined there woke up and tried to get out. The thing was bound to make considerable of a racket, but nothing in that line happened.

"The baboon must be taking a long sleep," remarked Sam.

"Seems so," answered Jack. "The longer the better."

"That's right. I wish it would never wake up."

The wind was now coming in fits and starts. "I'm afraid we'll have a blow by night," said Jack.

"Then we ought to take in the sail while the chance is ours," said Sam. "We never will be able to handle the canvas when it comes on to blow hard."

Jack decided that Sam's suggestion was a wise one, and they proceeded to carry it into effect. They lowered the after sail enough to enable them to tie the reefs to the boom. Then they lowered it further and tied up the second line of cords. Once more they let the big sail down and took a third reef in it. They did the same with the mainsail, and then they reefed the jibs.

"I guess that will do," said Jack. "If we run into a gale, we can easily let the rest of the sail down by the run."

They were now in a dead calm, and the mist had closed in so fast that they seemed to be floating on a mill pond. By five o'clock the schooner was swallowed up entirely by the fog. Jack got more rope ready to tie the wheel with in case of necessity, then they went into the cabin, lighted the lamp, found a pack of cards and played whist till it was time to pipe to supper. The calm was still holding.

"We ought to put a couple of lights up," said Sam. "We might be run down in this fog."

"I don't think the lights we could show would help us much, for they couldn't be seen very far. However, let's look for the schooner's lanterns."

They couldn't find them, and concluded that they were down where the animal was supposed to be.

"It's funny we haven't heard from the beast," said Sam.

"I should think it would wake up hungry and start on a rampage in the forecastle and galley. We couldn't help hearing the noise if it did."

The gloom of twilight was on the ocean, though the sun which could not be seen was still above the horizon, but this deepened gradually as night came on, and soon the schooner was floating through impenetrable darkness. At eight o'clock they felt so sleepy that each turned into one of the bunks. Along toward morning Jack was awakened by the pitching of the vessel and the howling of a gale which was tearing her over the water at a great rate. Neither of the lads had removed more than his jacket and shoes. Jack sprang out of his bunk and, holding on, looked up the small companion-way.

He saw nothing but blackness, but he could feel the wind as it poured down as through a funnel. He heard the wheel creak under the strain of the rudder chains, but its fastenings were holding. The schooner was closehauled; that is, the booms were aboard, so that the wind, as the vessel fortunately was on her right course, struck that part of the sails exposed obliquely and partially spilled out. Nevertheless, she heeled over considerably, and was going like a race-horse. By great good luck the wind had come from the quarter best for the schooner under the conditions in which she was placed. No change of the rudder was imperative, but she would have gone easier had there been a hand at the wheel to meet flukes in the wind. Most boys would have been terrified at their utter helplessness, but Jack had good courage, and he was familiar enough with fore-and-afters to see that the schooner was doing pretty well.

Sam slept on unconscious of the warfare of the wind. Jack lay down again, for he could do nothing to help things any. After a time he dropped asleep and did not wake till daylight was sifting through the skylight. The gale was still at its height, and there had been no change in the wind. The vessel had traveled over a hundred miles since the gale caught her, and her course had taken her S. by E. right out into the Atlantic. Sam woke up and joined his companion.

"A storm has come on after all," he said. "When did it begin? I didn't hear it till I woke up a minute ago."

"I guess it's been on most of the night. I was aroused by the tumult at two o'clock, and it was the same as it is now."

"Then it may blow out soon."

"I think it's more likely to last all day. As long as the wind holds as it is we needn't care."

"Isn't there too much sail on her?"

"I don't know that there is. If the gale gets stronger we can let the sail down, but it will be a ticklish job, for we are heeled over a good bit, and that with a slippery deck, and no life lines, would make it a dangerous matter."

The boys made a poor breakfast, and then took up their post at the doorway, where they talked and hoped for the best.

"That beast is getting a shaking up," said Sam. "The coil of hawser has probably slipped off the scuttle cover, and it may break its way

out. In that case it would stand some chance of being washed overboard, which would suit us exactly."

"The brute would cling to the foremast, and it's strong enough to hold out," said Jack.

"That's right. Those baboons are pretty nimble. It might make its way aft here. We must keep on the watch and shut it out."

"We couldn't keep it out if it smashed the skylight."

Sam hadn't thought of that, and the bare idea of such a thing made him nervous. If the animal got in it might kill them both in no time. During the afternoon the wind changed around some and the boys, at the risk of their lives, had to unship the lashings of the wheel and relash it after Jack got the schooner on her proper course. There was no let up in the storm all day, nor that night either. The gale broke on the following forenoon, but it blew hard all day, and was still almost half a gale when they turned in. Their course was now due south, and they did not discover the fact till the sun came out next morning.

"We're heading toward the south," said Jack. "As this has been our course during the last twenty-four hours, and pretty nearly so before that, we must be some hundreds of miles from Bartown, and away out in the Atlantic."

"Then we've got to turn around and run back, and it will probably take us four or five days to return," said Sam.

"I'd like to know just how far we've come," said Jack. "If I thought we could make the Tropics right side up I'd go on there."

"What the dickens do you want to go to the Tropics for?" cried Sam, evidently greatly astonished.

"Are you game to keep on on the chance that there is money in it?"

"Show me where the money comes in and I'll talk business."

"I'll do it, of course. I have a copy of an old Spanish chart which Bill got hold of through the supposed death of an old shipmate of his at Belize, in British Honduras, about five years ago. This chart appears to have been made by one of the old Caribbean buccaneers. You have heard that those rascals carried on repeated robberies of vessels on the Caribbean and the Spanish Main for a hundred years, or until they were finally exterminated by the British and American warships about the early part of this century, between 1823 and 1830, or thereabouts."

"Well?" said Sam, in a tone of interest.

"You have also heard, I dare say, that when business got strenuous with them, and they were frequently chased by warships, that they put in at out-of-the-way islands and buried the bulk of their plunder to prevent it falling into the hands of their pursuers."

"Yes, I read that they did so."

"The chart, of which I possess an exact copy, shows where a considerable treasure of the old buccaneers was buried."

"Is that so?" said Sam, still more interested.

"It was hidden on the shore of one of the Bahama Keys, an island that bears some resemblance to a wolf, and was, in consequence, called Wolf Key, and goes by that name on the

regular navigators' charts to-day. This island lies fifty miles northeast of Grand Turk Island, near the end of the Bahama group. I don't know if the treasure is still there, but as it is said to amount to \$100,000, it's worth trying for."

"I should say so," said Sam, enthusiastically.

"It is a long trip down there for us to make in this little schooner, short handed and without a navigator. We will run a great risk, but now that we are well started in that direction I don't know but we might as well keep on. If we can reach Grand Turk Island, the rest ought to be easy. I wish we had a compass, though. I don't see why the one that belongs in the binnacle was removed. We are pretty certain to run across a number of vessels on our way, and from one of them we may be able to get a spare compass, and the correct course for Grand Turk Island," said Jack.

"I'll stand by you," said Sam.

"Then we'll keep on?"

"Yes. The weather is likely to hold fair for a while after this blow, and if the schooner can weather one storm she can another, I guess."

"But we must get rid of that animal. A good way is to keep it under hatches till it starves to death."

"How long will that take?"

"It will be hard to tell. It may take a couple of weeks."

"Let's go forward and see if its stirring about now."

This they did, but not a sound came out of the forecastle. The boys were puzzled by the silence.

"I wonder if the blamed thing could have gone overboard the first night, after doing us up," said Sam.

"It's hardly likely in a comparatively smooth sea."

"We haven't heard a sound from it since."

"The only way to find out is to open the scuttle, and I for one don't care to take the chance."

"Neither do I."

They ventured to pound on the scuttle and tramp about on the deck, to see what would happen, but nothing did, and they wondered whether the animal was down there or not. As the day wore on the wind slackened to a fair breeze, and being now committed to the trip to the Tropics, they hoisted both jibs all the way up and let out the reefs in the big sails. Under full canvas, with one of the boys at the wheel all the time, they bowled along in fine shape. The weather held fine all the rest of the week. The only thing that bothered Jack was the thought of Ruby, and her anxiety as well as grief over his disappearance. That left her quite alone, but he comforted himself with the reflection that she had plenty of money to get along on, and if, in the meanwhile, Bill turned up she would be all right. On the tenth day after leaving Bartown they came close enough to a bark to signal her.

The vessel lay to and sent a boat. The second mate was in her. When he found that only two boys were aboard the schooner he said he had no doubt that the captain would send a couple of hands to help them work the vessel into the nearest port, which he said would be Baltimore. Jack declined his offer, and said all he wanted

was a compass and their assistance in ridding the forecastle of a baboon or gorilla, which he believed was pretty well starved out by that time. The two seamen who rowed the boat came aboard, the scuttle was opened, and all hands went down to tackle the beast. He was not found there, so the boys were now satisfied that it had gone overboard the first night, and that they had been unnecessarily worried since.

The mate returned with a compass, and took the name of the schooner, and the port she hailed from, which was Halifax, N. B. The boys could not furnish the name of the owner, but for fear that if they didn't the captain of the bark might insist on carrying them into Baltimore, Jack said she belonged to his uncle, and that they were bound for Port au Prince. He did not consider it prudent to ask for the right course he wanted, and so the two vessels parted company, and the boys made no alteration in their course, which the compass showed was S.S.E.

Days passed without any adventure worth noting until one morning the Bahamas were sighted. They passed several of the group, and finally came to one which they recognized as Grand Turk Island. Both boys were now on the alert for Wolf Key.

CHAPTER IX.—Reaching Their Destination.

"As Wolf Key is a small island, very low in the water, I think we are going to have some trouble making it," said Sam.

Jack admitted that they had some job on their hands, but said that as luck had stood by them thus far he hoped it would continue to do so. Luck did stand by them, for at noon they made out what looked like a rock rising out of the sea a couple of miles ahead. They could see nothing else but water.

"That's a lone rock as sure as you live," said Sam.

"I'll bet it's the high end of the island we are making for," said Jack, beginning to feel excited now that their destination was close at hand.

In a short time they made out the waving tops of cocoanut or palm trees, standing, apparently in the water. They were within half a mile of the island before they saw a long sandy shore running away from the rocky head. There was quite a bit of vegetation at the head of the island, with two coves and a broad sandy beach. One of the coves appeared wide enough for the schooner to run close in and anchor under the shelter of the rocky head.

"We must give her room to swing with the tide," said Jack.

"How can we tell what the depth of the water is at low tide?" said Sam.

"At low tide she'll swing out."

"That's right," nodded Sam.

They ran in as far as Jack thought it prudent to go and then the anchor was let go. It fell into the water with a splash, and the sails were let down with a rush. The vessel slowly swung her stern shoreward, showing that the tide was rising. She didn't go all the way around, as her

keel hit the bottom and her stern listed to the starboard.

"She'll float all right in a little while," said Jack. "Now we'll eat and then launch the boat and go ashore. We can't go any treasure hunting to-day, for the sun is too high. We'll see what we can do in the morning at low tide."

They postponed going ashore until well along in the afternoon on account of the heat, which was something fierce. There wasn't much to see anyway, so they could very well wait.

"I guess this isn't the turtle season," said Sam, "for there are no vessels on the ground but ours. We are lucky."

"If we are fortunate enough to find the treasure, or make certain that it isn't here, to-morrow or next day, we'll get away before any strangers come on the scene. We'll use the sounding line that's in the locker to measure off the distances with. That's laid off in fathoms, a knot at every six feet. Everything depends on beginning right. With the sun in the right position at low tide we start to measure off eight fathoms, or 48 feet, toward skull rock, which we can see from here, standing on that rocky ledge. Then we face due east—the compass will fix that right—and measure off twelve fathoms, or seventy-two feet. That's all, for that is the place where the digging is to be done. Simple, isn't it?"

"Very," said Sam.

They went ashore at five o'clock, and the first thing they did was to walk over to the foot of the rocks and climb up to skull rock. For a piece of nature's handiwork it was a wonderful imitation of a skull. It's gruesome formation could be seen through a spy-glass at some little distance from the island. Sam declared that man, not nature, had made it.

"It's too much of a likeness to be formed by accident," he said. "Take it from me, Jack, one of those old buccaneers who helped bury the treasure chiseled that as a guide mark."

Jack was inclined to agree with him, though it hardly looked like a piece of carving. The action of the weather on it could easily have rounded down the work of an artist, and made it look like a natural product. When one looked at it critically and saw how regular were all the parts of the skull the suspicion was likely to strike him, as it had struck Sam, that human hands had been at the bottom of the work. The real cause of its origin, however, had no great interest for the boy. All they cared for was its aid in bringing about the unearthing of the old buccaneers' treasure.

After satisfying their curiosity concerning it they extended their walk all over the little island. Usually the keys were formed of coral, covered with sand washed up by the action of the waves over a long period of time. This island appeared to be a mass of solid rock, thrown up, doubtless, by a submarine eruption. With the exception of the head the rock was all below low water mark, on which layer after layer of sand had accumulated, until it rose above high water. After that an earthy strata had gathered by degrees on the higher central point, running like a ridge from the head to the eastern end. On this the wind had deposited the seeds of vegetation, which aided by rains and other moisture had blossomed out

into a green verdure. Into this verdure had come seeds that sprouted into cocoanuts and palms.

The boys counted a score of these, mostly the former, in the leafy tops of which peeped out the hardshelled fruits, now ripe. The rock head was surrounded by vegetation, and many cocoanuts flourished there. A stream of pure cold water bubbled up through a crevice on the top of the main rock, filled a natural basin, and then ran over and down into the vegetation and sand at a dozen places. On the north side of the rocks was a hole which the boys investigated, and found that it led into a small, dark cave big enough for one to stand upright in. It was partly floored with sand which had been blown in there by the high winds.

"That would make a fine retreat from a hurricane," said Sam, when they came out. "In fact without something like that to fall back on it wouldn't be possible for one to exist on this island in such a terrific blow. I've read that the West Indian hurricanes, which come on suddenly, and don't last as long as an ordinary gale, are something wild and terrible. I'll bet the sea goes clear over every part of this island but this end. I wonder the trees stand it at all. I should think they'd snap off, they look so slender."

"Their long, thin trunks offer no resistance to the wind, and are as tough as iron and as pliable as Damascus swords. The wind catches their leafy tops and bends them over at right angles, but they don't break. When the wind eases up they spring back again," said Jack, who seemed familiar with the matter.

The sun was sinking in the ocean when they returned to the schooner, which was now riding on an even keel, as the tide was up. By the time supper was ready it was as dark as it ever is in the tropics in fair weather. Along about nine, as they sat talking on deck enjoying the sea breeze, the full moon rose and silvered the ocean, a beautiful sight.

"What's that?" said Sam, suddenly, pointing at something crawling up on the beach.

"That? It's a big turtle," replied Jack.

"There's another," said Sam.

"There's a third and fourth over there," said Jack.

In a short time the marine animals were coming ashore too quickly to be kept track of. They squatted down above high tide and began to make the sand fly with their flippers. Into trenches thus formed they laid their eggs and covered them up.

"This must be the beginning of the turtle season," said Jack. "At any rate we have no time to lose. We are liable to have company at any moment."

They soon went to bed and were up bright and early. While Sam was getting breakfast Jack saw that the schooner was slowly swinging her stern seaward. This indicated that the tide was going out.

"Fine and dandy!" he ejaculated. "It will be low tide by nine o'clock, I figure, and that should bring the sun about right for us. The sooner we get this treasure job over with the better."

He walked forward and told Sam. After breakfast they began making their preparations. They had found a shovel on board some days

before in the forecastle, with a carpenter's tool-chest. Sam tossed it into the boat along with the lead line and other articles they thought they might require. By eight o'clock they were on the beach. Jack tried to sight the sun behind skull rock, and it wasn't high enough yet. They sat down and watched the tide as it fell lower and lower.

Jack pushed a sharp stake down at the water line, and as the sea kept retiring from it he put it in a fresh spot. Every little while he looked at the skull rock. At length he saw the sun rising behind it. Higher and higher it rose. The skull was now in the center of its flaming disk. Then Jack saw that the tide was slack and was just kissing the stake where he had put it last. The sun was almost in the exact position indicated by the writing on the chart. As it was low tide there was no reason for waiting any longer.

"Now, Sam, I'll hold the end of the line against this stake and you measure off eight fathoms and drive a stake there. Then place the compass at that spot. I'll sight east and hold the cord. When you have run off twelve fathoms stop and face me. When I motion my arm to the right or the left move that way slowly and stop when I hold up my hand. Push a stake into the sand. We'll make a large cross at the stake and then dig at the intersection of the lines," said Jack.

The boys lost no time in measuring off the ground. The cross was made at the intersection of the stake, the stake removed and Jack turned up the first shovelful of sand and earth.

CHAPTER X.—The Surprise.

Jack worked for ten minutes and then turned the job over to Sam. Alternately they both took their turns at digging and they sweated like good fellows.

"We have to dig down six feet," said Sam, mopping his brow.

"That is the direction."

"I wonder why such a deep hole was necessary. I should think that in such an out-of-the-way spot as this that three feet of covering would be enough to hide anything."

"The buccaneers figured that a foot or two of the sand might be blown away in the course of time."

"I think it would be the opposite—that a foot or two more would be added. That's the way this part of the island was grown."

"They did not intend to let the treasure lie long here—perhaps only till the chance offered for them to return after it."

"If that is so we'll have all our trouble for nothing."

"That's a chance we knew we had to take. Go ahead or I'll take the shovel."

Sam resumed his work, and in five minutes yielded to Jack. So they kept on for an hour, their labor being doubled by the falling in of the sands at the sides. Both finally quit for half an hour, and rested themselves under the shadow of the rocks. They spent the time speculating as to whether they would find anything after

all their trouble. Had one of them sauntered around to the other side of the rocks he would have seen a large schooner heading for the island from the southeast. This vessel was a turtle catcher, which had come from Puerto Plata, in Hayti. She was called the *La Belle Suzanne*, and was commanded by a rascally Frenchman named Pierre Barbier, who had lived in the West Indies the greater part of his life. He had a large crew of fellows as unscrupulous as himself. The other turtle catchers feared and detested him and his outfit. And not without reason, for there was always trouble when Captain Barbier and his schooner came among them.

He hogged everything in the turtle line, and the protests of his rivals went for nothing with him. He and his crowd would just as soon fight as eat and drink, and they got into a scrap on the slightest pretext. Naturally the skipper of *La Belle Suzanne* made more money in the turtle trade than any other owner, and his crew always had plenty of funds to have a good time with when they were ashore at the wine shops. He was callous enough and nervy enough and resourceful enough to have made a name for himself in that villainous calling. As the Frenchman and his vessel approached the island he made out the small schooner which had brought the boys to that locality lying at anchor close in shore.

He naturally judged that one of his rivals had reached the island ahead of him, and he grinned horribly at the surprise he expected to hand out to the other fellow. A small turtle catcher could not hurt his business in the slightest particular, as there were lots of turtles to be got around Wolf Island, but he happened to be feeling belligerent just now, and he wanted the whole place to himself. He had no legal right to interfere with any other turtle catcher, but that fact didn't worry him. He had ways of making things unpleasant for other people without making much evidence against himself. The boys, unconscious of the coming of strangers, for their thoughts were so engrossed with the treasure that they forgot about their surroundings, resumed work in the hole, and in course of an hour Sam gave a shout.

"What now?" said Jack.

"I've struck something hard," he said.

Jack was on his feet and at the edge of the hole in half a minute.

"Listen," said Sam, shoving his spade into the sand.

Jack heard a solid thud which showed the shovel was meeting other resistance than the sand.

"Clear the sand away at that spot and let's see what you've struck," said Jack.

Rapid work presently revealed the end of an iron-bound chest.

"Hooray!" shouted Sam. "It's the treasure."

Jack and his friend did an impromptu Indian war dance at the discovery, and when they had relieved their feelings they hastened to dig the box out. It took some time, and they perspired so freely that their few garments were almost as damp as if the boys had gone into the sea with them on and were standing in the sun to dry them. The chest was an old-fashioned one

and not very large. It was heavy, as they expected, and they had the time of their lives landing it on the top of the sand.

"Shall we drag it to the boat or open it and then carry the contents aboard the schooner?" said Sam.

"We'll open it here and take the stuff aboard piecemeal. We don't want to take this chest with us for it would attract attention, and that would not be to our interests."

Thus spoke Jack as he picked up a hammer and a cold chisel to break the heavy lock with.

"We made no mistake in coming here," said Sam, gleefully. "Do you think there is a hundred thousand dollars in money in this chest?"

"No. I guess most of the treasure consists of watches, jewelry, and small silver and gold ornaments."

"Fifty thousand apiece will make us rich."

"I doubt if there is half of that in this chest."

"Well \$25,000 each will put us on Easy Street."

Had they been less interested in the work in hand they might have heard the sounds of oars in the rowlocks of a boat on the other side of the rocks. *La Belle Suzanne* had come to anchor half a mile off the island, and Captain Barbier, being unable to see anybody aboard the small schooner in the cove, with the aid of his spy-glass, ordered a boat lowered and manned, and springing into it himself told his men to give way. The boat shot up on the sandy beach, all hands got out, and leaving a couple of the men to stay by it, the skipper and two others, one of whom looked very like Tom Tucker, started around the rocks to see what, if anything, was going on on the other side.

Jack was pounding on the lock of the old chest and Sam was looking on with eyes ablaze with interest when Captain Barbier and his party came in sight. They stopped in astonishment when they saw the two boys. Their inactivity lasted only a few moments. The man who looked like Tucker uttered an ejaculation of rage and rushed forward, followed by the others. Jack stopped and both he and Sam stared in consternation at the newcomers. Our hero recognized Tucker at once, and his heart sank.

"So," said Tucker, for it was he, "you're the one who had the chart I came to Bill's house after, and you helped me search for it all the time, laughin' in your sleeve at me, eh? And you've come all the way here after it; but we've caught you in the nick of time," and he uttered his old chuckle, expressive of his satisfaction. "You've dug the treasure up and saved us the trouble. That was kind of you," he grinned, sardonically.

"How ess dis?" said Captain Barbier, comprehending that the chief object of their visit to the island had been to a certain extent foisted by the two boys. "Dat ess ze treasure you spoke to me about, Tuckaire?"

"Yes, it is," said the sailor.

"Zen vat eet mean dat dese boys have dug heem oop? You informed me dat you are ze von only vat know about ze gold. Now we find two ozzaire person know eet too. You vill explain ze mat-taire."

Tucker had made his way to the West Indies, and having once sailed with the Frenchman,

looked him up and found him at Puerto Plata. Then, on condition that he was to have half of the treasure if he pointed out the spot where it was hidden to the captain, he told his story, but admitted that he had lost the chart. He said that he guessed his recollection of the directions would enable them to find it if the captain was willing to give the necessary time to the job. The Frenchman agreed, as he was going over to Wolf Key anyway after turtles, and said that while his men were engaged in their regular occupation he and Tucker would make a try for the treasure. So the sailor sailed with the captain the evening before on La Belle Suzanne, and they arrived just in time to put a stopper on Jack and Sam at the most interesting part of the business. As Captain Barbier did not look pleasant, and he was not a man to be fooled with, Tucker hastened to explain the situation as he comprehended it.

"So, mon ami," said the skipper, looking fiercely at Jack, "you keep ze chart dat belong to Tuckaire, and zen you try to play on heem ze march. By gar! you are von leetle rascal. Vat ve s'all do wiz heem, Tuckaire? T'row heem in ze sea to make ze shark hees dinnaire, or vat? I gif you ze revenge since he take of you ze advantage."

"Tie both of them until we take the chest aboard the Belle, then we can afford to let them go," said Tucker.

"Seize zem!" cried the skipper.

Tucker grabbed Jack and the other sailor nabbed Sam. A couple of short pieces of tarred line were produced and the hands of the boys tied behind their backs. Then Captain Barbier took Tucker aside.

"Zey half a schoonaire. Eef we let dem go free zey will sail somevaire and make ze charge dat ve haf robbed dem. Dat vill make for us some trouble, comprenez? Ze best vay vill be to keep dem prisoner aboard ze Belle till ve s'all be ready to leave, den ve will sail for ze Barbados, sell ze turtle dere and lay our course for Havana, where ve vill turn ze gold and ozzaire treasure into good money. After zat ve s'all no care vat ze boys do. Dey vill get nossing from us."

"That suits me, cap'n," said Tucker.

"Ver' good. —Now I vill gif dem de grand scare. Ve vill t'row dem into ze hole, fill dem in wiz ze sand to ze neck, and tell dem dat ees vat s'all be coming to zem. After ve get ve chest aboard ze schoonaire zen we dig zem out, and take zem aboard, too," grinned the skipper.

Tucker fell in with the idea and said they'd be scared to death.

"Now, you young rascals, ve haf decided to make of yu bot' ze example. Ve cannot afford to let you make off wiz yourselves. So ve feex you like ze buccaneer of ze time past would do to dem zey catch making free wiz zeir proper tee. We bury you oop to ze neck in ze hole you dig and leave you to die ven you get readee. How zat strike you, eh?"

"Oh, heavens, don't do that!" cried Sam, in a fright.

"Do you mean to murder us?" cried Jack. "Are you going to stand by and see us done up that way?" he added to Tucker.

"I have nothin' to say about it," replied the sailor. "Cap'n Barbier is the boss here."

"If he murders us you will be his accomplice. What did you do with your old shipmate, Bill Blunt? You killed him that night because he wouldn't give you the chart, or tell you where it was hidden."

"You're wrong, sonny, I didn't kill him. A couple of friends of mine carried him off to Rockland where we kept him prisoner till he admitted that he buried the chart in a tin box in the trunk of a hollow tree in the wood behind the cottage. I went there and found that the tree had been struck by lightning and thrown down. The box was gone. When Bill heard it was missin' he went on like a wild man, and said there was somethin' important in it he didn't want lost. Figurin' that the chart was out of my reach for good I came down here relyin' on my memory to find the treasure. Now I find you here, which is a sign that you have the chart, and the dockymen Bill is wild over."

"I haven't got the chart, only a copy of it, and we got here largely by accident."

"What do you mean by accident?"

Jack told him in a few words how they came to leave the coast of Maine. Tucker grinned and said something to the captain.

"Into ze hole wiz heem!" cried Captain Barbier.

He and his mate gave the boy a swing and flung him violently into the excavation.

"Dees vill teach heem to no monkey wiz vat do not belong to heem."

Sam was thrown in beside his friend.

"Feel oop ze hole—quick!" ordered the captain.

The sailor of the turtle catcher caught up the shovel and began tossing the sand in around the boys, while Captain Barbier and Tucker watched the work in great delight, for they alone knew it was only a joke.

CHAPTER XI.—The Hurricane.

When the boys were buried to their waists, Captain Barbier called a halt.

"Dat vill do for ze present. We vill take ze chest aboard ze schoonaire, and ven ve come back ve s'all feenish ze job."

As a matter of fact, the captain did not intend to finish it, but to take the boys to his schooner and confine them in the hold till he had captured a cargo of turtles and was about to take sail for the Barbados; then he meant to put Jack and Sam aboard their vessel and let them shift for themselves. The three men got hold of the chest and carried it down to the water's edge.

"Go 'round and fetch ze boat," said the captain to his sailor.

The man obeyed orders, and inside of ten minutes he rowed the boat into the cove. The boat belonging to the boys was not disturbed. The old chest was handed into the La Belle Suzanne's boat, and with the two men rowing, and the skipper steering, off it went, the two dispirited boys watching it till it disappeared from their sight.

"That's the end of the treasure," groaned Sam, "and this is the end of us."

Jack was too discouraged to make any reply.

The sun had risen in the sky, but its heat was not as intense as usual. A thick mist had come between it and the earth. The horizon also had grown misty and uncertain. There was also a strange, weird moaning in the air. Something was apparently about to happen. One of those sudden West Indian hurricanes was rushing down in that direction. The first indications had passed unnoticed by the captain and his party, but his sharp eye made out what was on the tapis, and they rowed back to the schooner.

"Make has'e! Make has'e!" he cried, with energy. "Ve must get away at once or ve s'all go to ze smash. A hurricane ees coming."

Tucker and the other sailor bent to their oars. The boat shot through the water toward the schooner, where the mate, aware of what was coming, had got the anchor started ready for hoisting aboard, and the sails reefed to the utmost extent. As soon as the boat was alongside, Captain Barbier shouted for help to get the chest aboard and down into the cabin. Then the anchor was weighed and the La Belle Suzanne began to work off the island.

"Zey must sheeft for zemselvess," replied the captain. "We haf no tme to go back now."

"Then they are as good as dead ones," said the sailor.

The skipper shrugged his shoulders and walked away to issue orders. The air thickened so rapidly that Jack felt a heavy storm was coming. He tugged at his bonds, and in a few minutes snapped them. Then using his hands he dug himself out of the hole. Drawing his pocket knife, he cut Sam free and helped him escape from the sand.

"There's a hurricane or something coming. We must get aboard the schooner quick," said Jack.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth before the hurricane burst upon the island with a terrible roar. The sea rose and swept across the low part of the island from the north, and the palm and cocoanut trees bent half over. The only thing that saved the boys was the shelter of the rocks. The rowboat was carried away in a jiffy, and the schooner dragged seaward, anchor and all, where she was engulfed in the haze. After that first rush the hurricane paused to take breath for the real business that was coming on hard and fast.

"What are we going to do?" said Sam, in a disheartened voice.

"Do? We must get around to that cave we discovered yesterday and take refuge in it. It's our only salvation. Come on."

Sam followed, and they rushed into the cave just as the hurricane struck the island in earnest. Darkness, real and terrible, was now in the air. The wind roared in a way the boys had never known before.

"The schooner is gone. We're marooned on this Key," said Sam.

"Things might have been worse with us. That rascally Frenchman intended to bury us alive. The hurricane saved us from that," said Jack.

"Then I hope he and his vessel goes down in it," said Sam, forcibly.

After a time they grew tired of talking and sat back and listened to the fearful uproar of the hurricane.

Night came on and the air outside grew somewhat darker in consequence of the going down of the sun. The boys dropped off asleep, and while they slept there came a lull in the storm. The air suddenly became calm, as if the hurricane was over. But it wasn't. Those kind of storms move in a circle, with a calm center. In a little while the other part of the circle hit the island and the uproar was resumed. Sam woke up twice and Jack once during the night. The storm was over by daylight, and the wind was blowing fresh. The ocean, however, was in a great turmoil, and raised a tremendous surf on the north shore.

The sun was shining with its customary brilliancy when the boys left the cave. They made a bee-line for the top of the rocks to quench their thirst. Then they each began the difficult job of ascending a cocoanut tree. Urged by their hunger, both managed to accomplish the feat. They detached half a dozen nuts each and carried them to the front of the cave. They dug out a hole in the top of the two nuts and took a long drink of the sweet milk they contained. One of the nuts was broken open by a stone, and they feasted royally on the pulp inside. They felt quite chipper after they had eaten all they wanted, but they knew this kind of fare would soon pall on their appetites. They spent the day watching for a sail, an occupation that proved disappointing, as none came within their range of vision. Late in the afternoon they found shell-fish clinging to the rocks, and ate some, though it was unpalatable raw. The moon came up an hour later than the night before, and the boys sat on the shore in its full refulgence and talked over the great difference that twenty-four hours had made in their situation and prospects. They retired to the cave to sleep, as sleeping in the moonlight was not considered just the thing to do. That night Jack's sleep was visited by a strange dream. Time seemed to have gone backward a matter of eighty years, and he was seated on the rocks looking down on the landing of a boat's crew of piratical rascals. A large rakish schooner lay a quarter of a mile off shore. The party took out a heavy chest rimmed with brass, and carried it into the cave. Jack next appeared to be standing in the cave. He saw the men dig a hole in the sand, a shallow one, deposit the box in it and cover it up.

As the ruffians marched out he was transported back to the top of the rocks. He saw that it was low tide and the sun was rising above the skull rock. One of the men got in line with the rock and the sun. He and another man measured off a certain distance from the water's edge, while the rest of the party looked on laughing. A longer distance was measured off to the east. Two men got to work with shovels and dug a deep hole. A second chest, bound with iron, and exactly resembling the one Jack and Sam had dug up, was brought from the boat. It appeared to be quite light. It was placed in the hole and the lid raised. Jack saw there was nothing in it. The shovelers began filling it with sand. When it was nearly full the leader of the bunch locked the chest and threw the key into the sea. Two other men took the shovels and covered up the box. The party then re-embarked in their boat.

and returned to the schooner, which at once sailed away.

The burial of the box of sand appeared to Jack simply as a fake to possibly take attention away from the real treasure hidden in the cave. Jack slept several hours after the vision faded, and woke up to find that another morning had come upon the world.

CHAPTER XII.—The Treasure of the Old Buccaneers.

He recalled his dream distinctly, and instinctively looked at the end of the cave where he had seen the brass-bound box buried. It was dark over there and he could not see much. At that moment Sam woke up. The first thing Sam said was "Let's eat."

While they were eating, Jack entertained Sam with the story of his dream. Sam was greatly impressed by it.

"It would be a rich joke if that chest we dug up really contained only sand," grinned Sam. "What a setback those chaps would get when they opened it."

"Provided they survived the hurricane."

"Of course; but as that Frenchman looks like an old cruiser of these seas, I guess it would take more than one hurricane to do him and his craft up."

"If part of the dream represented an actual happening, why not the other part of it?"

"I guess it was. Let's look and see if we can find the box. We can dig with our hands, and as we have lots of time, and the sun won't bother us, why, we can afford to put in our morning that way as well as looking for a sail."

The boys entered the cave, and Jack pointed out the spot of his dream. They got down on their knees and commenced to make the sand fly. They had gone down about a foot when they felt something hard.

"There's something here, all right," said Sam, excitedly.

"I believe we've got hold of the real treasure chest," said Sam, gleefully.

"I think so myself," said Jack. "But supposing it is, what can we do with it? We have no vessel to carry it away in. If we were to ask the skipper of a turtle-catcher he'd probably take it away from us."

"If we could make sure it's the treasure, we would hire a small vessel after we were carried to the nearest port and return for it."

"We have no money with which to hire one."

"We must knock the cover open, and if there is money in it, we can carry away enough to raise the necessary funds."

"So we could," said Jack. "Run out and find a rock."

"I'll go down to the shore and look for the hammer and chisel you used on the fake chest."

Sam went out. In a few minutes he came running back.

"There's a small steam-yacht flying the American flag heading for this island," he said.

Both boys rushed out and, standing on the rocks, signalled the approaching yacht with their arms. The yacht ran close in and a boat was sent to the island.

"Take us off. We are marooned here," said Jack to the two men.

"We'll take you. Any water on this island? Our supply has run short."

"Lots of it. Come ashore, one of you, and I'll show you the spring."

The steersman got out and was shown where the water was bubbling up. Ten minutes later Jack and Sam were received on board the yacht by the owner, a young millionaire. While the former was telling their story, the mate went ashore with a barrel to fill it at the spring. As soon as the barrel was hoisted aboard the owner was about to proceed, when Jack told him about the chest in the cave which he said he believed contained a pirate's treasure which they had discovered.

"I want you to fetch it aboard," said Jack.

The owner agreed to do so, and Jack went ashore with a boat and three men and pointed out the box. It was pulled out of its hole, dragged to the boat and conveyed to the yacht. The vessel then went on its way. The yacht was bound for Havana. Half way to Grand Turk Island they sighted a large schooner, which proved to be La Belle Suzanne, which had weathered the hurricane. They passed close enough for the boys to recognize through a telescope Captain Barbier on deck. The vessel was returning to Wolf Key.

"We got away just in time," said Jack to Sam.

The box was opened and found to contain small bags of old Spanish gold, all of one size. One of them was opened and counted, and contained the equivalent of \$5,000. There were twenty of them, so the treasure was estimated to be worth \$100,000. The boys received the congratulations of the owner, and they stayed aboard till the yacht returned to New York.

There they had the gold taken to the Sub-treasury and turned into good American bank-notes, which in turn were turned into two drafts for about \$50,000, made out to the order of both boys on a Rockland bank. They got a bang-up outfit of new clothes and returned to Bartown in style by rail, where they were received as back from the grave, for everybody believed they had met with some accident in the sailboat which had ended them. Jack found Bill at the cottage with Ruby, he having turned up the day after the boys went on their unwilling cruise. The boy surprised the old sailor with the story of the finding of the buccaneers' treasure, and he made it all right with Bill. He and Sam having arranged to go into business in Rockland, the sailor was induced to go there, too. Bill did not die for many years after Jack and Ruby were married, and before that both Jack and his young wife learned the contents of Bill's note.

It referred to a legacy belonging to the girl, which Bill had made use of to live on while hoping to get into condition to go after the treasure. He was not called to account for it, as Jack and Ruby had all the money they wanted in the half of the treasure of the old buccaneers.

Next week's issue will contain "HITTING IT RICH; or, THE LUCKIEST FIRM IN WALL STREET."

CURRENT NEWS

HE EATS 31 EGGS AND WINS

Warren G. Noggie of Wheatland, Cal., formerly of Cascade, Idaho, hereafter will be known as "Egg Noggie." He is champion egg eater, having consumed for breakfast thirty-one soft-boiled eggs in addition to a bowl of breakfast food, half a grapefruit, one orange and a piece of toast. Noggie was the winner in the annual egg eating contest conducted by the Idaho Chapter of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. Otto Huefner of Kellogg, Idaho, was second with twenty-three.

SNOW INSURANCE

In England you can insure against almost anything if you can pay the premium, and it is getting about as bad here. Who would expect anyone would want to insure against the loss occasioned by the failure to snow? Up in Lake Placid, however, snow seems to be necessary for winter games, and as a great many expenses had to be met, failure of a sufficient quantity of snow or a sudden thaw would have been disastrous. So the insurance broker was invoked to write a policy, which was done. The brokers wrote a policy providing for a minimum of a foot of snow for the two days that the ski jumping champions would need it.

CAPTURING A KANGAROO

A new species of kangaroo has been captured in Australia, much to the joy of visitors at the

zoological gardens at Melbourne. The animal is about the size of a shepherd dog, having the shape of a squirrel and provided with a long tufted tail. This kangaroo makes prodigious leaps which are sometimes as long as 17 yards when he is trying to escape his pursuers.

To capture one of these animals the tree in which he is lodged is surrounded by a pack of dogs. Natives then climb into the tree to frighten him and make him jump. The kangaroo jumps to the ground, landing in the middle of the pack, and is seized by the dogs.

Sometimes, however, he jumps beyond the circle and then the chase ensues. It is great sport.

DIVERS FIGHT FISH

Armed with large knives with which to fight off the attacks of dogfish, a corps of deep sea divers is working at the bottom of the sea in Lough Swilly in an effort to recover the \$15,000,000 in gold lost when the Laurentic was torpedoed during the war. Part of the treasure has already been salvaged.

Heavy weather has torn the Laurentic to pieces and strewn the gold along the ocean floor. The task of the divers is made especially difficult because of the great depth of the water in which they are obliged to work, and the strongest of them are frequently overcome. The wreck is well covered with sand, which must be removed by steam suction pumps operated from the salvage vessel.

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—OR—

A POOR BOY'S STRUGGLE FOR SUCCESS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued).

He made up his mind that it meant that Ginger Jake was expecting somebody to come to the house, and that the shake of the head indicated impatience and probably disappointment.

Harry was well aware that members of such clubs, which were little better than thieves' organizations, had signals by means of which they gained ingress to their meeting or hiding places, and he felt sure that he could not get into this house where he had seen Ginger Jake without he knew the signal. He was willing to take the risk of what he might encounter when he once gained the interior, but was not willing to alarm those within.

If he was correct in his theory that Ginger Jake was waiting for somebody then why not hide close at hand and learn how that person got in?

He made up his mind to follow this course.

The house had an old-fashioned wooden stoop, with a place under it that was half filled with rubbish, but Harry managed to find room to squeeze in between boxes and barrels, and also gained a position where he could look through the lattice-work on either side and note who approached the house with the two directions.

He had not been in this place five minutes when he saw a man approaching whom he at once recognized as a member of the Swamp gang. He was one of the regulation tough young men who formed the membership of the organization over which Monk Wardman presided. In an encounter with a rival gang some years before this particular tough had been shot in the throat, and when he came out of the hospital he had left his voice behind him.

This caused him to be known as Whispering Cronk.

Whispering Cronk walked up the steps, and Harry fairly held his breath in order to hear what took place.

The tough rapped three times on the door, quite softly, then twice, then once, and then gave three raps again.

Harry knew that he had heard the signal.

He heard the door open, and then heard Ginger Jake angrily say:

"Well, it's about time you showed up. I've got a tongue like a side of sole leather, and not a drop of booze in the place."

"Sure?" asked the other, in a hoarse whisper.

"Of course I'm sure. Do you think I've been alone in this shebang for over five hours without hunting for it?"

"Then," hoarsely whispered the other, his croaking tones coming plainly to the ears of the listening boy, "you'll have to wait till I dodge down the alley and work a snipe from the Dutchman."

"Hurry up, then," said Ginger Jake, "for I've had enough of this job, and I want to get the kinks out of my walkers."

The door closed with an impatient bang, and Whispering Cronk scuttled down the stairs over Harry's head.

The boy thought fast.
What should he do?

It appeared that Ginger Jake was alone in the house, according to his own statement, but why should he have stayed there five hours unless it was to keep guard over somebody? Harry knew that there was seldom anything more valuable in such places than half a dozen old chairs and a table, and they certainly were not worth breaking in for, so why should Ginger Jake have remained on duty for so long, and why was Whispering Cronk going to relieve him unless Christine was held prisoner there?

Harry Hale felt sure that such was the case, and for a moment he was thinking seriously of calling in the aid of the police, but it occurred to him that he only had his suspicions to go upon, and that he would become a laughing-stock if he was in error.

No, he must do the work himself for the present.

One thing flashed through his mind, however, and that was that although his signal raps, which he perfectly remembered, would open the door for him, Ginger Jake might recognize him before he could force his way in, and in that way he might be defeated in his purpose, for it was likely that the members of the Swamp gang, like all other thieves, burrowed like rabbits, and two minutes might suffice for the tough to make his escape with the girl into some underground passage.

A way out of the difficulty flashed through the keen mind of the boy.

Whispering Cronk had said he was going down the alley to the Dutchman's to get a snipe, which meant a small flask of whisky.

Harry knew the place well, a low groggery in a gloomy and dirty alley not far away, and he made up his mind what to do. Whispering Cronk when not taken ten steps away from the house when the boy crept out from under the stoop and was after him.

He pulled his hat down over his eyes and lurched along as though intoxicated, and when the man he was following looked around before entering the dark alley he had no reason to doubt that a drunken man was going to the same place for which he was headed.

The alley was deserted.

Half-way down it, Harry made a swift rush on his toes.

When Whispering Cronk heard him the boy was fairly upon him, and just as the rascal turned Harry hit him a smashing blow behind the ear.

Down he went to the pavement, and lay without a move.

(To be continued.)

HERE AND THERE

GOLD NUGGETS IN DUCKS' CROPS

After finding gold nuggets in the crops of eight geese and five ducks, Dan Fielder, pioneer rancher and miner of Pend Oreille County, Wash., prospected where the flock led him and uncovered a vein of silver and lead carbonate in his back yard. The vein was four inches under ground and in the 20-foot open cut now made it is running over three feet wide.

Assays made in Spokane show the average value to be \$74 a ton. Part of the carbonate runs 48 per cent silver. Parallel to the vein is a ledge of quartz from which it is believed the fowls picked up the gold.

HAITI FISHERMEN USE PRIMITIVE TOOLS

The reason why Hiati imported 4,509,382 pounds of dried and canned fish last year is because the fishing industry of that country has never left the primitive stages of bygone ages. With its coasts abounding with mullet, mackerel, kingfish, sardines, red snappers, white fish, and many other varieties of excellent food fish, the common method of fishing by the natives is that practiced at night—by means of a torch and a sharp machete. The light dazes the fish and the expert native kills it with his instrument, says Consul D. S. Wood in a report to the Department of Commerce.

BIRDS SWEPT TO SEA

Migratory birds on their way to southern wintering places are sometimes swept long distances out of their courses by storms. An interesting memorandum has been received by the Weather Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture in connection with a marine weather report from the American steamship Manchuria.

From October 27, when the vessel was in latitude 40 degrees 36 minutes, longitude 66 degrees, to noon October 28, latitude 41 degrees 45 minutes, longitude 59 degrees 27 minutes, several hundred birds alighted on the ship, having evidently been swept to sea by a strong northwest breeze. The varieties noted included six or more robins, several starlings and thrushes, one catbird, a flicker, many vesper sparrows, several bluebirds, many small flycatcherlike birds and many other small birds about the size of sparrows unfamiliar to the ship's officer who made the observations.

At the time these birds began to alight on the ship there seemed to be many more on the sea. Those that failed to make the ship died rapidly, although there were only light breezes. Undoubtedly thousands of birds are lost each year during the migrating season in strong off-shore breezes.

LUCKY STAMP FIND

An excellent postage-stamp story with a genuine human interest flavor has been contributed to the romances of philately by Fred J. Melville of London, who says it is vouched for by Harry

Wenneberg, a well-known philanthropist of Stockholm. In 1918 the Swedish Riksdag decided to raise the inland letter rate from 10 to 12 öre as from June 1, but there was no 12 öre stamp in the then current series, so a provisional was created by surcharging a surplus of 25 öre and 65 öre stamps with the new denomination "12." This was done by surcharging in black the figures 12—12," so that they obliterated the original value repeated in the top angles of the stamp.

A sheet of the 12 öre on 25 öre orange stamps was surcharged upside down; the mistake was not noticed by the printers or the Post-office, and passed out into stock. The misprinted sheet reached the little post-office at Guliksberg, in Norland, and the postmaster there did not notice its peculiarity. Business at this office was very small, but a young forester had made up his mind to send a letter every day to his sweetheart.

Without knowing that on every letter from Gulisberg one of the misprinted stamps was used, in the end he had used no fewer than thirty of them. Then a philatelist discovered the "error," and offered 200 kroner apiece (about \$50) for them. The forester wrote to his sweetheart to ask if she had saved the envelopes with the stamps. She had saved every one. They got 6,000 krone for them, and the money was sufficient for both the wedding and the furnishing of their home.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS

HANDY SOLDERING IRON

Radio soldering requires the use of an extremely small iron—one that must be specially made, and that is not always easily obtained. The newest soldering iron is about the size of a fountain pen, and utilizes electrical energy for heating its point. A soft wire solder is used in connection with the iron, one that does not require a very high temperature.

SIMPLE CONTROL

Many of the sets on the market look very pretty, but some are pretty complicated for amateurs. Realizing this, some manufacturers are simplifying their sets.

Notable in radio progress is the creation of many so-called "flivver" circuits. This seems to indicate that radio is rapidly moving toward a simple control set as fool proof as the telephone. The reflex system appears to be really the most promising and practical circuit at the present time. Regenerative hookups act as miniature transmitting sets, causing howls and interference due to radiated energy. Neighbors operating such sets are disturbing each other through the air.

RADIO A MATCHMAKER

Hoseas E. Moller, a captain in the war, serving with the Lafayette Esquadille, wounded in France and a winner of the Congressional Medal for Bravery, finally succumbed to Dan Cupid on account of a radio.

Captain Moller, an aeronautical engineer and inventor, was employed by Bennell's Radio Shop six months ago, when he returned from Europe. During his first day at work Miss Stella M. Schaeffer came in. Captain Moller just happened out of the executive's office and saw Miss Schaeffer. He helped her select a radio set.

A month later Captain Moller sailed for France and Germany for research work. While there he did not forget Miss Schaeffer. So he made Germany and France in jig time and was back as soon as possible. When he returned he immediately got in touch with Miss Schaeffer again.

They were married recently by Deputy City Clerk James J. MacCormick in the Marriage Chapel of the Municipal Building.

"We expect to make our honeymoon trip in an airplane from coast to coast," said Moller.

"Does it pay to be a radio fan?" Captain Moller queried Mrs. Moller a few minutes after their marriage.

"Righto!" said Mrs. Moller.

A NEW STATION

The Federal Telephone & Telegraph Company's radiophone station, WGR, will be moved to the new Hotel Statler, just being completed in Buffalo. The broadcasting station has been allotted 1,000 feet of floor space on the eighteenth floor for the studio and reception room. The power

room and apparatus will be in a separate station on the roof. The aerial will be stretched between two large steel towers.

The present WGR station has a power of 500 watts. The new station will be rated at 1,250 watts, employing five 250-watt tubes, three as oscillators, and two as modulators. Special cables will connect with all the public rooms in the hotel so that speeches delivered or music played in any of the public rooms can be picked up by a microphone and broadcasted from the antenna on the roof. A Wurlitzer organ is being installed in the grand ballroom and another in the main dining room. Organ recitals will be regular features of the WGR programs. The Vincent Lopez Orchestra will be at the hotel for the opening and will remain for several days, so the Lopez syncopated symphonies will be part of the radio program.

WGR has heretofore been located on the outskirts of Buffalo, and for this reason many entertainers have declined to make the long trip to the radio studio because of lack of time or inconvenience. The new location is in the business section of the city, so there should be a marked improvement in the quality of concerts broadcasted from Buffalo.

DEAF BOY HEARS BY RADIO

Another example of the strange methods of sensation-transmission is found in the case of Harry Shwer, a thirteen-year-old boy of London, who had been deaf from birth. He was recently able to distinguish rhythm for the first time in his life by means of radio. The experiment was conducted by Mr. Haycock, master at the Deaf School, Kensington Park Gardens, London. Two other boys took part in the experiment.

Both the loud-speaker and the head-phones were used by each lad. One boy, who became deaf through meningitis, could hear nothing in either experiment. Another had some faint experience in rhythm when he listened-in on the loudspeaker, which he was unable to define. Harry Shwer heard jazz tunes on the band and beat time with his hands, although he found it difficult to explain his impressions. He tried to write his sensations down on paper, describing the long and short sounds, the rough and the smooth. He could distinguish between a human voice and an instrument playing.

"It is a well-known fact," said Mr. Haycock, "that persons who are stone-deaf are those who have lost their hearing entirely through disease. Those who are deaf from birth generally have some slight faculty of hearing, though it is usually lost."

"In Harry's case the ordinary range of sounds was useless. We could get no response from him with tuning-forks, but he seems to have responded to some of the vibrations received by wireless, and it raises some interesting suggestions."

Other ear specialists in England have ad-

vanced the theory that in the case of deaf adults who require a "re-education" of hearing, wireless promises great assistance in the recovery of their lost sense.

RADIO RELIEVES LONELY LIVES

Cabras Island is the home of Porto Rico's leper colony. After years of dreary days and silent nights it can now listen to the voices of the world.

A radio receiving set has just been installed and a loud speaker will be attached.

Thirty-six new radio fans will be enchanted.

The radio set was purchased with an anonymous gift of \$100 from New York, to which local contributions were added.

A greatly interested group of spectators followed the movements of the Rev. Charles B. Bare and two employees of the Porto Rico Telephone Company as they installed the instrument. There was little animated comment or boisterous enthusiasm.

Life on a bare, shapeless reef on which the hot sun's rays beat fiercely and against which the surf pounds ceaselessly is not conducive to exuberance.

"When the loud speaker comes you will be able to hear concerts, music and singing in San Juan, in Havana and in the big cities of the United States," they were told.

There was a chorus of "Magnifico" and "que bueno." One man remarked, "It was meant for such exiles as we are."

Near as they are to San Juan, the lepers regard their isolation as exile. "Somos pobres desterradoe" ("We are poor exiles") they tell you.

They complain of the loneliness of their lives more than they do of the disease itself. Even the prospect of hearing nightly the strains of famous orchestras and the words of eloquent speakers does not reconcile them to their lot.

They hate the glaring sunlight. It pains their eyes. They hate the salt and misty night airs. They aggravate their sufferings. They hate the dreary darkness of a night relieved by nothing but little oil lamps.

"Help to get us away from here," they urge the visitor.

CLASHING SIGNALS

"What is static? What will it do to my radio set? What other kinds of interference will bother me?"

These are typical questions that are asked as summer—the worst season for interference with wireless messages—approaches. They are put and answered by the *Popular Science Monthly* for May.

Many complaints of interference have already been made by new users of radio receivers. They tune in as usual and everything is working well when suddenly—bang! gr-r-r—whee-e-e! some body or something butts in and they lose the music and their tempers!

These radio interferences may come from one of two sources. Many of them are due to amateurs with powerful regenerative sets who operate without understanding their stations. The

remainder come from the most uncontrollable force in the radio universe—static.

The real cause of the trouble can usually be discovered by an experienced radio man, but the blame should not be attached to any one until it is definitely located. In a locality where there are many transmitting stations signals from them may break up a concert. The allotment of different wave lengths to their respective classes of transmitting stations theoretically permits the concert and various messages to go out at the same time with as little interference as three trains would create for each other if they were all en route from New York to Buffalo, by going via the Erie, Lackawanna, and New York Central respectively. In practice, however, collisions occur in the receiver that sound like the three trains meeting at a common point while running a mile a minute.

The remedy when signals clash is to find out where they come from, after all efforts to tune out the intruders have failed. Every sending station is required by law to sign its call letters to each message by transmitting them in code or repeating them with the voice so that all who hear the station may identify it. By using the lists of stations published by the government and sold by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., at 15 cents each, the location of a station and the name of the owner can be learned.

If the interrupting station does not give its call letters the district radio inspector may be asked to focus direction finders on it and bring the owner to justice, but he should not be bothered unless a station is clearly violating the law.

Many interesting methods have been devised to ferret out interfering stations. Most of them include the loop aerial because of its directional properties. The work can be carried out from official stations, but for heavily populated districts a scouting automobile equipped with a sensitive set and a loop antenna has been employed in tracking down the culprits.

A very efficient receiver will also bring in all sorts of hums and buzzes from electric light and power lines, trolley car motors, and automobile magnetos. Violet ray apparatus may be heard at work in neighboring boudoirs, as may X-ray boring their paths into troubled human interiors, and lightning-rod agents producing miniature electric storms.

An antenna that runs parallel to wires near by will pick up current from them and produce noises in the receiver, but if it is at right angles to near-by wires there will be little trouble unless it happens to touch one.

The worst disturber of the ether is "static." Listen in while a thunderstorm is approaching and at the same time watch with the eyes for the lightning flashes. Do not watch too long! Pull the lightning switch and ground the aerial before the storm is overhead.

The instant you see the flash you hear a grumble, growl or crash in the telephone. This seems to prove the assertion of the scientists that radio and light waves travel at the same rate of speed.

Static is worse in the summer than at other seasons, though it may occur at any season.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, MAY 25, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

FAMOUS RIALTO BUILT ON 12,000 PILES

The Rialto is a famous marble bridge across the Grand Canal at Venice, built by Antonio da Ponte in 1590. It consists of a single arch, ninety feet wide and twenty-four feet high, and rests upon 12,000 piles. The name Rialto is derived from Rivo-Alto, one of the islands on which Venice is built, says the Pittsburgh Sun. This island was long the financial and commercial center of the city, and gave its name to the bridge that connects it with the mainland.

AN ARKANSAS ROMANCE

After a courtship by mail Mrs. Eva Cox of Womble and George A. Bush of Hartley met in Mena for the first time and after a short visit were married. Both bride and groom lived in sections remote from railroads, and both traveled far to meet in Mena. The bride drove her own team and wagon forty miles to reach Mena, while the groom rode horseback over the mountains half that distance. After the wedding the newly-weds started for the groom's farm, close to the Howard county line, in the bride's wagon with the groom's saddle horse tied on behind.

HIKES FROM FLORIDA AT 75

William H. Chapman, 75, of Millington, Conn., stopped the other day in Hoboken on the last lap of his hike from Miami, Fla., to Albany, where a \$5,000 legacy awaits him. He is white-haired, tall, impressive and full of vigor. In less than three years he has walked 9,000 miles. On May 1, 1920, he started to walk from New York to Vancouver, B. C., by the Canadian route. The signature of Mayor Griffin of Hoboken was added to credentials already in his possession.

"Seventy-five years do not mean a thing," he said. "I smoke a pipe, chew tobacco and take a nip whenever I feel like it. Unless I'm far wrong I am going to live 75 years more at least."

Chapman predicted he might try matrimony after he gets his legacy. He said he would go on no more long hikes.

KRUGER'S HIDDEN GOLD DISCOVERED

South Africa is greatly excited over the reported discovery in the Petersburg district of a vast sum of gold which Paul Kruger, late President of the Transvaal, is said to have buried in his flight to Delagoa Bay and Europe, about twenty years ago, to escape capture by the British.

The Johannesburg correspondent of *The Times*, who sends the story, says that gold bars and coins, comprising part of the fortune of Kruger, have been recovered, and that the police have gone to investigate.

The legend of "the Kruger millions" was once a favorite topic of discussion here and in South Africa, but it has been almost forgotten in recent years.

Recovery of the fabled fortune of Paul Kruger, who left an estate valued at \$3,750,000, has been the goal of adventurers and commercial syndicates for some time. More than \$3,000,000 in gold, representing the bulk of Kruger's money, was cemented in the hold of the bark *Dorothea*, which sank on Tenedos Reef, off the Zululand coast, about twenty years ago. This money, which has never been recovered, so far as is known, is said to have been shipped by Kruger previous to 1904.

LAUGHS

She—I think women are far cleverer than men.
He—How do you figure that? She—Well, just take ourselves, for example.

Love may be blind, but his sense of hearing is so acute that he never mistakes the jingle of copper for gold.

Waiter—Well, sir, how did you find the beef in that stew? Diner—Oh! I happened to shift a potato and—well, there it was.

Patient—I wish to consult you with regard to my utter loss of memory. Doctor—Ah, yes! Why-er, in cases of this nature I always require my fee in advance.

"Pardon me, sir," said she, "for walking on your feet." "Don't mention it, miss," he replied. "I walk on them myself at times."

"If you do good work your work will grow after you are gone." "That's a fact. Rubens left only some 2,000 pictures, but there are 100,000 of his pictures in circulation now."

Mr. A.—Norah seems quite gone on the postman. Mrs. A.—Gone! Do you know what that girl does? She mails herself a postcard every evening so as to make sure he'll call the next morning.

"This isn't like the bread mother makes," said the young married man. "So you are going to start that, are you?" "I was merely congratulating you. Mother never was a very good bread-maker."

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

SHIP BUILT INLAND

Two army transports, the Gen. Frank M. Cox and the Gen. John M. Hyde, have been built in the foothills of the Allegheny Mountains, more than a thousand miles inland. This is probably the first time that ocean-going vessels of this type have been constructed at inland shipyards.

BIG CORN CROP WHERE IT WAS ONCE NOVELTY

Not many years ago corn growing in North Dakota was a novelty. A few acres were planted by an occasional farmer with seed received from friends back in the corn growing States, but it was looked upon as a venturesome undertaking with very doubtful outcome in dollars and cents. Then the State Agricultural Experiment Station began the development of strains of corn adapted to North Dakota soil and climate and as soon as results warranted it the county agents followed with demonstrations in cultivation and seed selection. During the last few years the production of corn in the State has rapidly increased. In 1921 North Dakota farmers planted 18,000 acres with tested seed corn, while the reports for 1922 show over 50,000 acres planted with tested seed.

LOCKED IN ICE BOX BY ROBBER

Otto Batsche, night manager of the Davis & Kathmeyer restaurant at 323 Greenwich street, New York, which is frequented by produce dealers from Washington Market, was opening up the restaurant for the night customers at 11 o'clock the other night when a young man entered, drew a revolver, backed him into an ice box, robbed him of \$16 and then slammed the door.

Batsche, looking through the glass door of the box, saw the bandit go behind the counter, pull out a drawer and extract all the change—\$15. The man then walked out and disappeared in Greenwich street. Batsche was able to get out of the ice box. He called Police Headquarters and detectives from the Beach street station were assigned to the case.

RUSSIAN CHESS PLAYER BEATS MILAN'S EXPERTS

Milan, especially that part of it which plays chess, is in a state of astonishment. Milan has—or had—ten most clever chess players who have won prizes from here, there and everywhere. Now they are weary and disappointed men, for Alekhine the Great, the Russian chessman, beat them all at once, though each was challenging him to a separate game, and though he sat quietly in an armchair, his back turned to ten opponents, each busy with his board.

The games lasted eight hours. Alekhine was as fresh at the end as when they began. The others were wrecks, moral and physical. For eight hours Alekhine, smoking cigarette after

cigarette, gazing into an empty corner, pronounced cabalistic utterances, according to which of his pawns were moved. That was all he did.

"Alekhine has something inhuman and atrocious in him—something we cannot grasp," says the *Popolo d'Italia*, Mussolini's own paper. And this has comforted the ten vanquished players considerably.

A NEW MAIL SORTING DEVICE

The Post Office Department is testing a mail sorting machine in the Washington post office which, if it proves successful in service, would contribute greatly to the comfort permitted the sorting clerks; for, in using it, instead of standing on their feet all day as at present, they are seated and operate it as a linotype machine is operated.

There are five keyboards on the machine, each of which is operated by a clerk independent of the others. The clerk does not have to hold or handle the letters. Those to be sorted are presented in front of him in line with his eye. A pressure of two keys on the keyboard, one by a finger of each hand, sends each letter on its way to a particular compartment, leaving before the clerk the next letter in the stack awaiting disposition.

When the letter leaves the distributor it is picked up mechanically by a metal container attached to an endless chain. The chain carries the container over a series of receiving boxes, and when the right box is reached the letter is discharged and is ready for dispatch on the train for which it is intended. The "right" box is predetermined by the distributor when he punches the keys on the keyboard of the machine. The operation sets a trigger on the container carrying the letter and this trigger is released when the container reaches the right box.

There are 120 receiving boxes and the entire device is twenty-eight feet long by four feet four inches wide and six feet ten inches high, the complete machine, including keyboards, weighing 7,317 pounds. The conveyor makes a complete revolution in about thirty-five seconds. Each keyboard is operated by a small motor and the conveyor is operated by a larger one.

The machine makes a primary distribution of letters into 120 separations, whereas the primary case in the average post office consists of only sixty separations. Through the use of the additional boxes a larger quantity of mail is ready for dispatch after its first handling, thereby eliminating the necessity of a second handling and consequently insuring earlier dispatch from the post office.

The assembling of the output of five or more distributors in one set of pigeonhole boxes is an additional advantage in that it very materially reduces the number of boxes from which mail must be drawn and tied out for dispatch, thereby effecting a further saving of labor and twine.

FROM ALL POINTS

FLAGMAN HEIR TO \$125,000

Fred Higgins, Erie flagman at Manut, N. Y., abruptly dropped his flag the other day and exclaimed: "I'm a rich man at last!" when he received a telegram announcing that his brother had left him an estate of \$125,000 in St. Louis. Higgins, 69 years old, hurried home, packed and started West at once to claim the fortune.

The Higgins family years ago occupied a palatial home in Spring Valley. John, the brother who left the fortune, was a New York city lawyer before he went West some years ago. Fred, a rover, went South with the robins each year and came back every spring and got a job at trucking or tending crossings.

"I'll never work again," he told a friend as he boarded the train for Missouri.

PART OF GOVERNMENT HUNTERS' JOB

Many predatory animals are caught in their dens by Government hunters who are experienced and sufficiently fearless to work their way through narrow, dark tunnels and attack wolves, coyotes or mountain lions at close quarters. They usually get the adult female and a number of pups. Out of 1,791 animals taken in Montana during 1822 by predatory animal hunters employed by the Biological Survey of the United States 348 were taken in dens, 969 were trapped, 144 shot, 191 poisoned and 1 snared. Dogs were employed in taking 138. Skins and scalps of all the animals secured were turned in to the district office of the bureau as evidence of capture. The number included 1,544 coyotes, 55 bobcats, 56 wolves, 38 lions, 17 bears and 81 miscellaneous animals.

DANCED 27 HOURS

The world's non-stop, long distance dancing record was shattered at 10 o'clock the other night at the Audubon ballroom, 168th street and Broadway, Manhattan, N. Y., when Alma Cummings, 32, walked gracefully off the floor after dancing continuously for 27 hours. She had stretched the time of the previous record established in Eshington, Northumberland, Eng., by a man, by one-hour and 45 minutes.

Between 7 p. m. Saturday, March 31, when Miss Cummings started to dance, and 10 p. m. April 1, when she stopped, the slender blond young woman, who hails from San Antonio, Tex., wore out one jazz band, three phonographs, five partners, one pair of shoes and a pair of silk stockings. She declared on stopping that she could have danced another ten hours if the shoes and partners had held out.

When she was in Texas Miss Cummings was a zealous worker in the home mission field of the Seventh Day Adventist Church. Since coming to New York, though, she has become a dancing instructor. She said she could see nothing wrong in dancing the whole of Easter Sunday, in spite of the fact that the church of which she was

formerly a member disapproves of such frivolities as dancing, and she issued the following statement to that effect:

"Since abandoning my work with the Seventh Day Adventists I have become broadminded. I am of a deeply religious temperament and have studied the Bible and many other sacred writings. I do not believe there was anything wrong in what I did."

Miss Cummings is a vegetarian, and during the 27 hours of dancing she subsisted on several tomatoes, an apple, a bag of peanuts and a bottle of near beer.

BOTTLE TRAVELS 2,800 MILES IN SEVEN MONTHS

Last August 2, F. William Barthman of 175 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y., threw a bottle containing his card overboard from the liner Reliance, about 300 miles south of Newfoundland. Last week he received a letter from Traeth yr Afon, South Wales, informing him that the bottle had arrived.

The card was the ordinary bit of pasteboard used by Mr. Barthman in his business. On the reverse he wrote: "S. S. Reliance, Aug. 2, 1922. About 300 miles south of Newfoundland. Ten dollars for return of this card. F. W. Barthman."

The bottle set out on its journey and Mr. Barthman, the jeweler, returned to America. He forgot about the incident. But the Gulf Stream didn't.

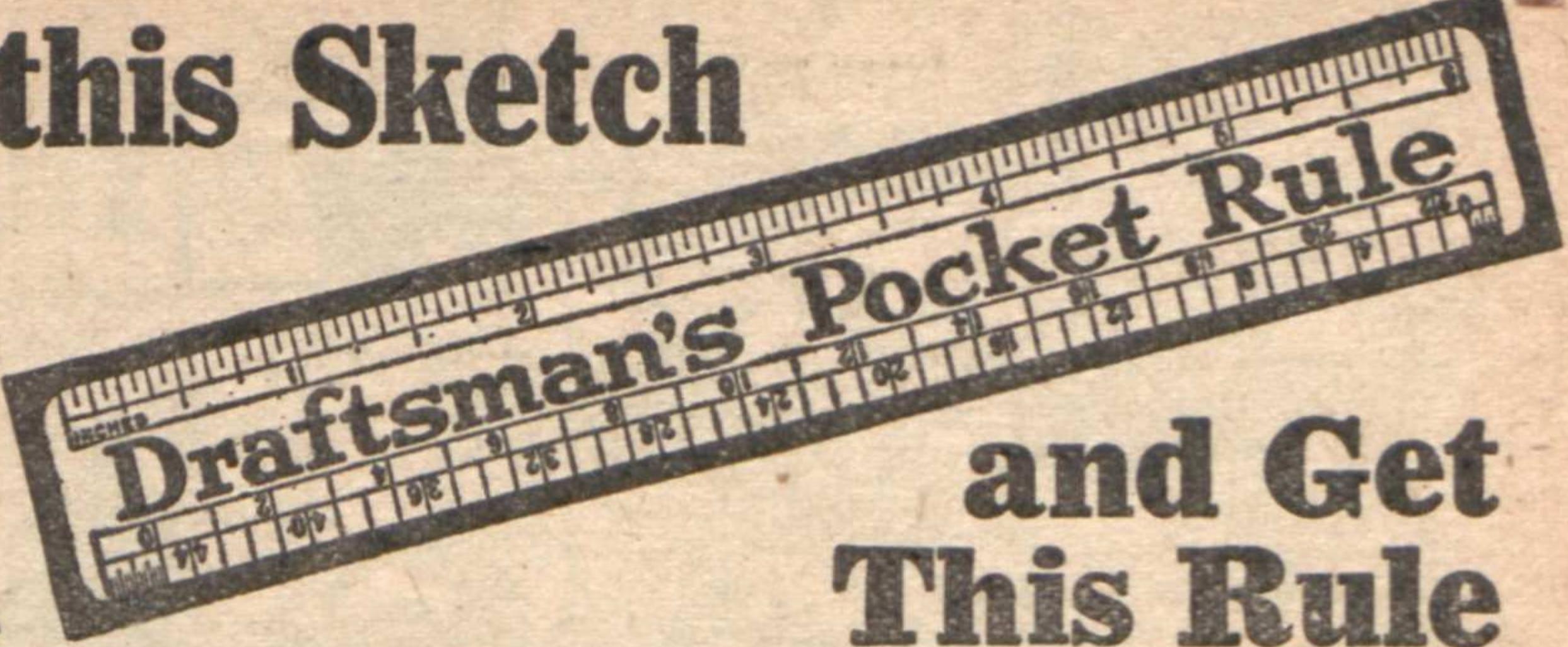
The bottle tossed and pitched, bobbed and glistened. Slowly it traveled eastward. It reeled off an average speed of 14½ miles a day, or a little over half a mile an hour. The card in its bottom drank up the few drops of wine left and settled down for a long seven-months sleep. Storms drove the lone black bottle off and hurricanes blew it back on its course. It traveled 2,800 miles. The Gulf Stream, while uncertain, never fails to deliver bottles somewhere.

On March 3, 1823, a great event occurred on the little beach of Traeth yr Afon, about 20 miles from Cardiff in Galmorganshire, South Wales. Centuries ago debris from the fleets of the Phoenicians had washed up on its shores. Centuries later wreckage from the Spanish Amada drifted in on the lonely sandbars. And three weeks ago a German mine, forlornly defunct, rolled up on the white sand and gave the cottagers in the vicinity a thrill.

Trefor G. Davis, gathering wood, kept his eye peeled for other interesting thrills from the sea, after the arrival of the mine. On March 10 he found a black bottle. The bottle was tired and empty. It was tightly corked.

Pulling the cork he saw the sleeping business card in the bottom. He smashed the bottle and found Mr. Barthman's offer of \$10 for the return of the card. Trefor lives not far from the beach. He hastened home and wrote to Mr. Barthman.

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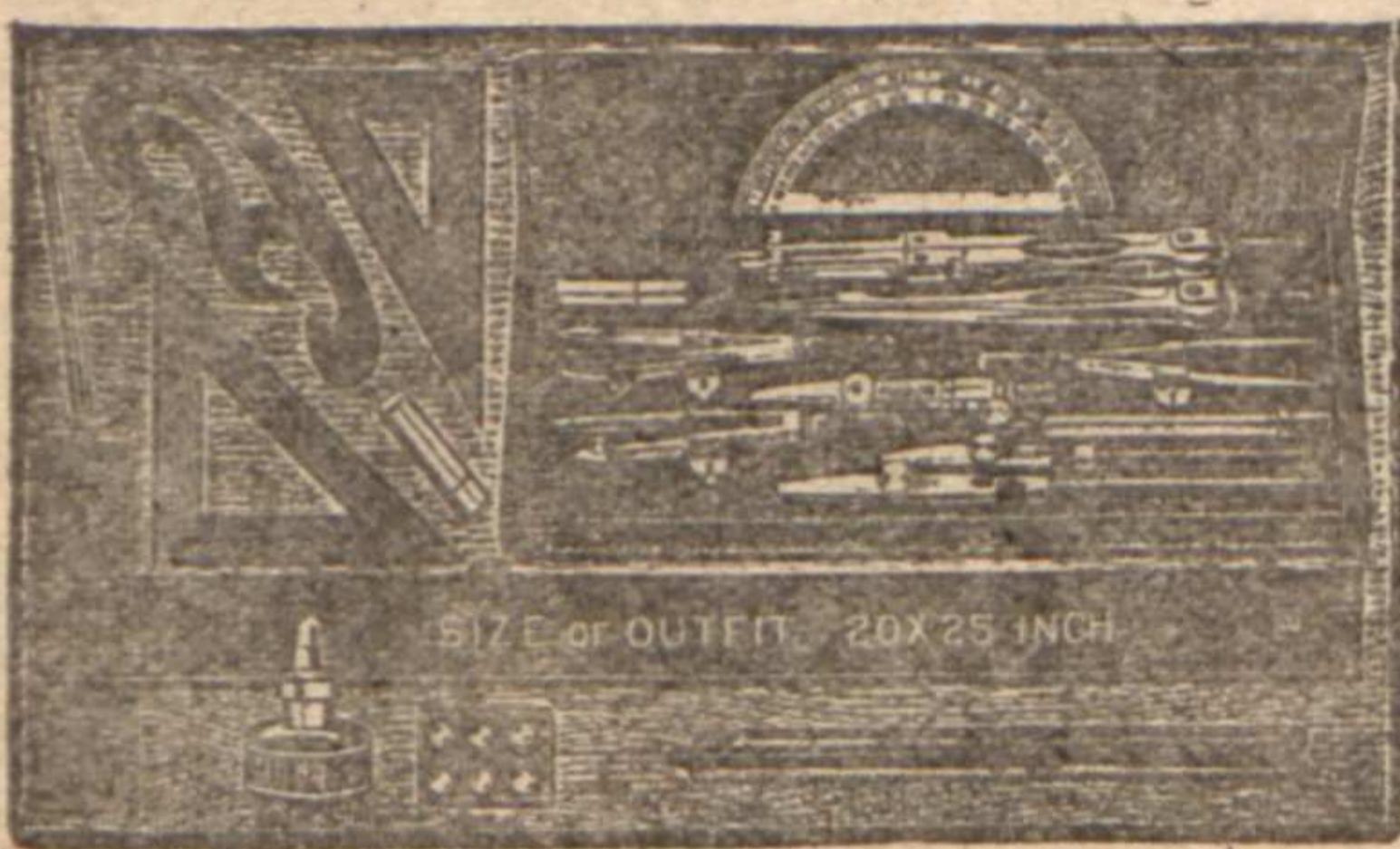
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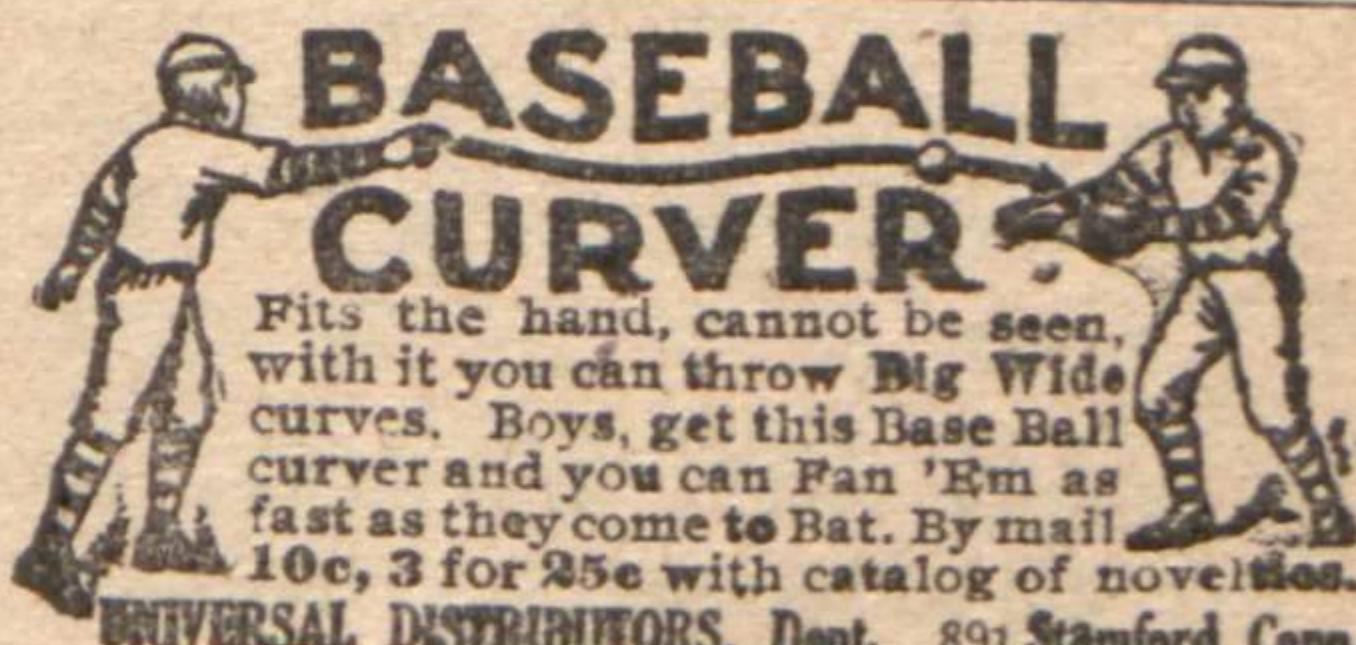
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